JOHN BULL, AUGUST 22, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1575.

BIG SURPRISE NEXT THURSDAY (SEE PAGE 5)

JOHN BULL

How beautifully these delicate shades have washed!

Persil's suds gently remove the dirt without dimming the colours

You bought it because the colours were gay, because the shades just fitted your pet ideas. Then guard and protect it this safe and gentle way. Wash it with Persil in cool or, if the colours are delicate, in cold water. Persil's oxygen-charged suds wash so thoroughly that there's no need to rub; so quickly that the fabric is actually *in* the water for the least possible time. This careful Persil cleansing will give you back your precious things looking as gay and colourful as the day you bought them.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil

PER 632-366-66

WONDERFUL NEW THRILL FOR ANIMAL LOVERS

Amazing Pictures
Fascinating Articles
Gripping Stories

DON'T miss the wonderful August issue of "ZOO." Everybody—young and old—will be revelling in this magnificent latest issue of Britain's great new Nature magazine. Make sure of your copy, price sixpence, AT ONCE. 64 big art photogravure pages, packed with all that is unusual and thrilling in animal life and Nature—scores of amazing photographs of wild beasts in their native haunts—fascinating articles by scientists, explorers and Nature writers—breath-taking accounts of jungle adventure—gripping stories by the best-known writers of animal fiction—advice about your pets—up-to-the-minute news from Zoos all over the world, etc., etc.—it's a new thrill in pictorial journalism. The August issue of "ZOO" is selling fast. Don't be too late for your copy. Get it TO-DAY.

Zoo

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE :: SIXPENCE MONTHLY

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makes RED TILES like NEW

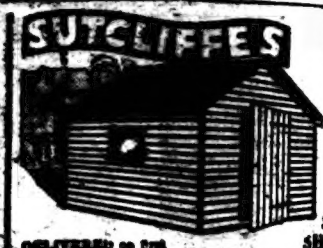
ALSO GIVES A BEAUTIFUL RICH RED FINISH TO RED COMPOSITION FLOORS, FRONT STEPS, etc.

"Cardinal" restores that rich red tone which is the charm of Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors. Easy to apply, will not rub off. Also excellent for Front Steps and Concrete Garden Paths. Made by makers of Mansion Polish. Also in Buff, Green and White

From dealers everywhere.

CARDINAL POLISH

SUTCLIFFES



STORE SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY

Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/- Cash or 12 payments

DELIVERED on Part payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong pushed fitting sections, easily the best value. Rust carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash	12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 10 0	5/-
7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	2 12 0	5/6
8ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	2 18 0	6/-
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Send for Free CATALOGUE. Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

P. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 20, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Halifax. London Showroom: 42-43, Oxford St., W.1.

Bring YOUR DEAF EARS back to life by world-famous method at minimum expense.

Inside your ears are three tiny movable bones. If these bones work stiffly you can't hear well. You may even appear stone-deaf. Sounds fail to reach your auditory nerve. Thousands suffer so. Electrical devices may help but are embarrassing and expensive. You need the tiny silver Vibraphone to bring deaf ears back to life—to get these tiny bones moving to the "touch of sound," to restore your happiness and contentment. No wires, batteries, or trumpets to bother you. Send to-day for explanatory booklet, details of the 30 days' trial and copies of Doctors' and Scientists' letters. Don't put it off. Post card now. The Vibraphone Co., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1. *Regent 5630.*

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of unsolicited, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: *"Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made."* If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Analysed and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Send free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds in your pocket.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE (Dept. S.H.9), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

HOW TO MAKE £ £ £'s FROM PRINT

There are more ways of making money with an efficient printing machine than by any other mechanical device.

START A PRINTING BUSINESS

Making big profits by starting a small printing business and getting your friends and acquaintances to give you their work and to introduce others. Since the introduction of Adana Patented printing machines, 14 years ago, thousands have built up their businesses from small beginnings. A big printing business is one of the main streets of Liverpool was started with an Adana. A retired employee from the London District Railways organised a well-conducted printing business seven years ago at the age of sixty-five and is still going strong.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION PRINTING

Sweepstakes, Draws, Sports Competitions such as Football and Racing Doubles, Pontoon Cards, Step-Watch Competitions, etc., may be run under certain conditions as specified in the Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934. A Publication issued by D. A. Adana relating to Gaming and Betting, by Leslie East, M.A.(Cantab), Barrister-at-Law, is published, free on request.

CLUB PRINTING

Clubs of every description can save considerable money by employing an Adana Machine. Club Notices, Fixture Cards, Admission Cards, Rule Books, and, in fact, every variety of this type of Printing, come within easy scope of an Adana.

PRINT BOOKS

Printing and publishing books that have a definite market value. There are thousands of people who have certain acquired knowledge who could easily write and print small publications that would probably have a very considerable sale at 6d. or 1s.

Large sums of money are made by printing and selling publications. In this side of small print there exists records of Great Successes of the World. Individuals who have written and printed entirely themselves books of no small size; stories of these great efforts would fill many volumes.

XMAS PRIVATE GREETING CARDS

Christmas Private Greeting Cards—one of the most lucrative sidelines of the small printer. Not only are profits great, but the market is tremendous. D. A. Adana caters for the printer to a very great extent in this business (see special illustrated literature). A very fine selection of the highest quality cards are held in stock right into December. ALL COMPLIMENTARY PRINTED, LEAVING PART THE GREAT FOR THE BASIC AND ADANA TO BE ENGRAVED BY THE PURCHASER.

Save Money PRINTING

Making Money indirectly by doing your own printing and thus saving pounds. A printing Machine in the hands of the smallest or biggest industrial concern can be a great asset.

FREE BOOK

Adana Machines are a British Invention, founded by a British Subject with British Capital and built by British Workmen.

Write for Free Book "£ £ £'s From Print" together with full particulars of the Adana Printing Machine and specimens of actual work produced.

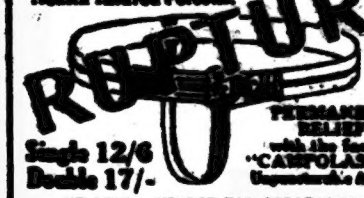
D. A. ADANA
(Dept. J.87)
17/18, Church Street, Twickenham.

London Depot: 1, Ludgate House, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Manchester Depot: 60, Oldham Street, Manchester.

FREE APPLIANCES may be obtained by many National Health Insured Persons.

RUPTURE



PERMANENT RELIEF with the famous "CANPOLASTIC" Unquestionable Air Pad.

Single 12/6
Double 17/-

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR SPECIAL PADS. *Money refunded if unsatisfied.*

Send for Illustrated Price List and measurement form POST FREE. (Closes Sats., 1 p.m.)

C. A. MACBETH (J.B.24), 124, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11. *Phone: Bat. 4247.*

NEW PRODUCTION TRIUMPH 56c

1/6 WEEKLY

Cheque 1. Buy your WEEKLY Cycle at factory prices. Pay the shopkeeper his £1 extra or pay the shopkeeper his £1 extra. Latest improved all-British cycle. Enamel finish, life-time guarantee. Works price only £6/6/-, or 1/6 weekly. Shop price £8/19/6, or 1/6 weekly. Shop price £8/19/6, or 2/- weekly. Every cycle rigidly tested & sent carr. paid on 7 days' free trial. Send for Free money-saving Illus. Catalogue showing a magnificent range of Ladies'cycles, Roadsters, and Sports Models, etc., at direct-from-factory prices. Save 5/- to £2 PROGRESSIVE CYCLE CO. (Dept. 56), Fulham, London.

THAMES UTILITY

Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 35, illustrating various new features and complete Terms of Purchase. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS

STEEL TIED ROOFS

MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS

SPECIAL SALE PRICES WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Lth.	Width.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£6/11/6	£/-	10/2
12	8	8	£7/10/-	£/-	13/1
14	8	8	£7/17/6	7/-	14/6

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS 7, West Street, Erith, Kent. (Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 40 years.) 'Phone: Erith 2272.

"JOHN BULL'S" MESSAGE TO SHOPKEEPERS

AND SMALL TRADERS

Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post—the modern method of trading? Advertise a bargain line in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a little article! A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big.

Apply on business letterhead for rates and particulars of free advertisement-writing service for Shopkeepers and Small Traders.

Address:
Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," 17-29, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WONDERFUL NEW PIANO ACCORDION

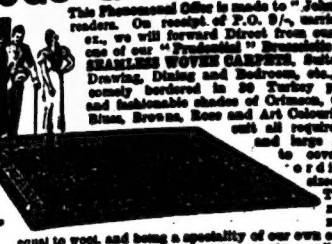
IDEAL FOR AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL

SEND ONLY **5/-**

Not to be confused with many cheap metromania offered to the public. A genuine high-class instrument, strongly constructed and superbly finished in every detail. No. 2028/12/8: 26 piano keys, 8 bass, 8 voice. Reeds on separate plates give rich tone. Many extras. Tutor and carrying case FREE. 24 in. by 24 in. each. Delivered for 5/-, balance in 11 monthly payments of 5/-. Prompt delivery. List FREE.

THE L.R. SUPPLY COMPANY LTD., 11, OAT LANE, LONDON, E.C.2.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not delighted. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets 2 Rugs, 2 Doormats for 20/-, Carr. paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

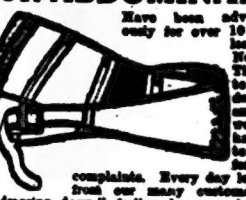
TIMBER BUILDINGS

Bungalows	£15
Entertainment Halls	£28
Pavilions	£22
Iron Buildings	£4
Motor Houses	£5
Army Huts	£11
Workshops	£10
Shop & Store	£20
Shelters	£5
Stabling	£20
Huts	50/-
Greenhouses	£5

ST FREE — CASH OR EASY TERMS.

C. ALBERT & CO. (Dept. J.B.), 7, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

OUR ABDOMINAL BELTS



Have been advertised continuously for over 10 years in all the leading National Newspapers, etc. This must prove to you the wonderful quality, fit and satisfaction we are giving. We have given relief to thousands of sufferers of abdominal complaints. Every day letters are received from our many customers stating their "dragging down" feeling has completely vanished. Write now for full price list and self-measurement form sent free. Special quotations for outsizes. The belt illustrated above is:—

20/- for sizes 26 ins. to 34 ins. Post 6d. **12/6** for sizes 36 ins. to 42 ins. Post 6d.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Obtainable only direct from:—

THE LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept.B48), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! SURPLUS BINOCULARS

DRASTICALLY REDUCED

CASH ONLY **2/9**

Post & Box 6d.

TO CLEAR

Just the thing for the holidays. Wide object glasses. Wonderful definition. Magnification 4 times. Black Morocean covering. Sheer honest value. Cannot be repeated. Order now or call personally. Hours 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Saturdays 1 o'clock. Orders by post executed by return. BARGAIN.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned.

CHINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES LTD. (Dept. 40), Grand Hotel Bldgs., WOBURN PL., LONDON, W.C.1

BUCKS SECTIONAL GARAGES AND GARDEN SHEDS

RELIANCE STEEL JOINTS

Carefully Selected Materials Together with High Class Workmanship have made our name. Let your building from the numerous designs in Bucks catalogue J.25, it's FREE.

BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. J.25), Erith Road, Erith, Kent.

BUCKS EASY TERMS.	Cash	Dep.	Mthly
GARDEN SHEDS	21/6	2/6	2/10
GARAGES	70/-	5/-	6/4

Immediate delivery on first payment. Free Lorry Service or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

EASILY ERECTED — JUST BOLT TOGETHER

BABY CLOTHES 42/-

A VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY LAYETTE. EVERYTHING HAND-MADE. RECOMMENDED BY NURSING HOMES

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes

75 BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS, Handsome Silk Christening Robe, Choice Hemstitched Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Long Cloth Night Gowns, Winceyette, Flannelette or Flannel Day Gowns, Long Cloth Gowns, Lovely Quality Flannelette Gowns, Flannelette Night

"John Bull" says—"Will every one of my readers spare five minutes this week to read this important message—one that affects every day of their lives?"

HOW "JOHN BULL" HAS DISTRIBUTED

OVER £500,000

to REGISTERED READERS

in their time of need!

In the home of every registered reader of "John Bull" there is a feeling of security that means happiness for all the family. They know that "John Bull" will promptly answer their appeal in times of distress.

"JOHN BULL'S" WORLD RECORD SECURITY GIFT

"The Haven of the Distressed"

THERE is a building in Long Acre, London, to which this title aptly applies. It is the building that houses the remarkable organisation which for many years has provided registered readers of "John Bull" with the feeling of security that means so much in these troubled times. It is the organisation that in many thousands of cases has brought hope to the hopeless and softened the blows of fate. That organisation is the department which administers "John Bull's" Great Family Insurance Gift.

To visit these offices is to gain some idea of the great work that is being done and the enormous staff required to deal with the constant stream of applications for benefit. Yet the amazing thing is that despite the perpetual pressure every application receives individual consideration. Thereby is ensured at all times that prompt, personal and sympathetic attention that means so much in times of distress. Here a registered reader of "John Bull" would more than ever appreciate the real value of his Certificate of Registration, and its importance as a vital asset to his domestic security.

From the moment it was launched "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift has played an integral part in "John Bull" readers' lives. It has provided them with an invaluable bulwark, and inspired that feeling of security that is so essential to happiness and confidence in the future.

• • • • •

Since that day when the first announcement of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance was proclaimed throughout the land as the Greatest Charter of Safety for the family ever known, more than £500,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependents — half a million pounds! How has "John Bull" distributed this half a million? This colossal sum—a world's record in Weekly Newspaper Free Insurance—has been paid as Benefits under its unparalleled Gift of Security to Registered Readers.

• • • • •

"John Bull" provides benefits that are *not offered by any other paper in the world*. It is the only paper to safeguard all those precious possessions that mean "Home" to you against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and is the only paper to pay benefits for Sickness.

FIRE AND FLOOD

The home that so often has taken a lifetime to gather together—household treasures doubly dear by their long associations—a mere unnoticed spark may entirely wipe them out.

The harrowing stories of hardship brought to homes through mankind's most dread enemy are appalling. It is in times such as these that our registered readers learn the full significance of "John Bull's" helping hand and that the description which has been applied to our Free Family Insurance—"The family's true friend in need"—is not a mere idle phrase.

• • • • •

Readers can easily recall the terrible flood havoc caused through the land during the past twelve months. Streets were turned into rivers, boats took the place of ordinary conveyances. Homes were devastated. Families were left homeless. The part "John Bull" played in these calamities caused by the angry heavens is a national one. Many hundreds of families were left homeless but *not* where they were registered readers of "John Bull."

SICKNESS BENEFIT

Illness in the home inevitably means a strain upon the family income often involving the expenditure of that little which has been put by for holidays or clothes — it is then that assistance in its most practical form is so welcome. This has not been overlooked by "John Bull," the guardian of a million and a half families.

These exclusive benefits alone would make "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift unparalleled and pre-eminent, but great as these benefits are the scope of "John Bull's" Insurance Gift extends even further. Benefits are also incorporated for many other common everyday risks and perils that so often cause severe injury and even death itself.

PERILS OF THE HOME

Many thousands of cheques have been dispatched to registered readers under the Home Accident section of this great Gift. The unsuspected perils of the home so often lurking in the most harmless routine tasks are in fact among the great dangers of our national life. No fewer than 11,000 people were killed in their own homes last year alone.

• • • • •

Every day "John Bull" dispatches cheques to parents whose children have come to grief. In view of the alarming number of Children's Accidents every week, which parents themselves, together with the Education Authorities and the National Safety First Association are combining to reduce, the value of the benefit provided by "John Bull" for Children's Accidents cannot be overestimated. Many thousands of parents know that this benefit is a real boon and blessing at a time when doctors' bills have got to be paid.

"John Bull" has also distributed thousands of cheques in respect of Accidents on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing fatalities, and Loss by Burglary. There is also a Benefit for damage to Wireless by lightning. As listeners know such a mishap means financial outlay—or no more listening in. Thus "John Bull" also safeguards its readers' pleasure.

ADDITIONAL BENEFITS

Remember! All Accident and Sickness Benefits provided by "John Bull's" Insurance Gift are additional, *i.e.*, they are paid *in addition* to any amounts a registered reader may receive from any other sources.

One registration *only* is all that is necessary to cover husband, wife and children (over six and under 15).

"John Bull" is every week strengthening the wonderful bond of friendship that exists between its readers and itself—a friendship that is *REAL* and lasting, the value of which every registered reader of "John Bull" knows and appreciates.

Have you yet obtained this unsurpassed protection for yourself, your dependents and your home? If not, fill up the Registration Forms below NOW. To readers who have registered, "John Bull" says:—Never forget that your Free Insurance Certificate is one of the most precious possessions of your Family.

If you have not registered fill up forms below now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 22/8/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 22/8/36

HAVE YOU THREE FRIENDS?

"John Bull's" Thrilling Gift FREE *to every Reader Next Week*

NEXT week "John Bull" will announce a wonderful, unique, FREE Presentation for every one of its readers—SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW—a really big SURPRISE. Never before has anything like it been offered to readers of any paper. Remember this Presentation is FREE—and it is offered to *every reader of* "John Bull."

"John Bull" knows that as soon as its 1,500,000 families see next week's announcement they will not only hasten to apply for this marvellous FREE Presentation but they will also want their friends to have the opportunity of obtaining it. This week, therefore, "John Bull" announces a Special Concession to make this possible. EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER IS GIVEN BELOW THREE INVITATIONS TO HAND ON TO FRIENDS. THESE INVITATIONS, WHEN HANDED TO YOUR FRIENDS, WILL ENTITLE THEM TO PARTICIPATE IN "JOHN BULL'S" THRILLING NEW *FREE* PRESENTATION. You may pass on these Invitations to any number of your friends up to three.

All you are asked to do is to cut out the Invitations below and hand one to each of the friends whom you wish to participate in this great FREE Presentation. *Tell them to be sure to get next week's "John Bull" containing the Free Presentation Gift Voucher.*

"John Bull" feels its readers will greatly appreciate the opportunity which is given to them to invite their friends to share in this great event. It is not often that you have a chance such as this to do your friends a really good turn. Cut out the Invitations and hand them to your friends *to-day*. Take "John Bull's" word for it—your friends will not only thank you—*they will be thrilled and delighted.*

What about your neighbour? If he is NOT already a reader of "John Bull," he will be thrilled by "John Bull's" FREE Presentation. Here's an opportunity to do a good turn that won't be forgotten—pass on the Invitation to-day.

Your wife has friends, too—ask her to pass on one of these Invitations to one of her friends as well. "John Bull's" FREE Presentation will be as big a thrill to women as to their menfolk.

A colleague at the office, or a workmate at the factory? Take one of these Invitations with you when you go to work and hand it on! Remember "John Bull's" surprise next week is FREE and your friends will thank you for introducing it to them.

JOHN BULL'S

FREE Presentation Invitation

THIS Invitation entitles a friend of a "John Bull" reader to participate in "John Bull's" Great FREE Presentation which will be announced in the issue of "John Bull" on sale NEXT THURSDAY, August 27th.

N.B.—This Invitation should be kept carefully and must be sent in by the friend to whom it is handed together with the FREE Presentation Form "A" which will appear in "John Bull" next Thursday.

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Guy's HOSPITAL

SAVE THIS CITY OF HEALING

EVERY DONATION HOWEVER SMALL WILL HELP

...and what's more Craven "A" won't affect your throat—you'll enjoy their coolness and freshness too!

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

... AND LOOK at the neat way Craven "A" are packed. An outer wrapping of 'cellophane' to keep them fresh, and a very ingenious inner packing so that you can get at the cigarettes in a jiffy without any fumbling. Of course you'll find that the cork tip is a real protection for your fingers and lips. Personally nothing would tempt me to change from Craven "A" now

Holiday-Makers Remember ... Wherever you buy your Craven "A," at the seaside or in some remote corner of the country, they will always be as fresh as if they had just left Carreras' factory, because they're sealed fresh in MOISTURE-PROOF 'CELLOPHANE.' They never vary.

Carreras Ltd.—150 years' Reputation for Quality

C.A.337

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone. Temple Bar 2468
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 22, 1936. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

A MONSTROUS TYRANNY . .

Your Dog— or Your Home!

VOTE for Brown and No Dogs!

Do not be surprised if slogans of that kind make their appearance at the local government elections in three months' time. It will only be the logical culmination of an egregious movement that has been set going up and down Britain.

From Kent to Caithness churlish busybodies who happen to be local councillors have begun a campaign for the extermination of the dog as a household pet. Their authority and dictation can go no further, of course, than the two million houses owned by councils, but, even so, they are already scoring successes right and left.

Tenants who have dogs in their homes are required to destroy them or to accept one month's notice to quit their houses. The massacre of pets by people scared of eviction and homelessness has been great and widespread.

As an example of fatuous tyranny exercised by elected representatives of the ratepayers, this Herod-like command for the slaughtering of bow-wows must take a great deal of beating. If there is any humour in it at all, it is only in the gravity with which the civic dog-haters have reared themselves to pronounce their decrees.

It may seem absurd, but it is a fact that, at a time when serious social subjects should be the sole concern of local administrators, the canine issue has broken into politics. In many areas the forthcoming elections are actually to be fought upon it.

☆ ★ ☆

From town to town and county to county the Bumbles have been spreading the message to each other that for years they have been overlooking a glorious opportunity to meddle with the domestic affairs of the citizens.

One of them discovered to his joy that in the standard form of tenancy agreement which has been in use since the housing programme began sixteen years ago there is a clause forbidding occupiers of houses built with public money to keep dogs.

How that clause ever came to be there is a forgotten mystery. A possible explanation is that it was a shamefaced device by those responsible for the post-war houses to conceal as far as possible the flimsiness and smallness of the dwellings which were to be foisted on the masses. The presence of a healthy dog would emphasise both defects.

Anyhow, until a few months ago, the rule was honoured practically everywhere only in the breach. Tenants, if they were ever aware that the prohibitive clause was in the covenants they signed, completely disregarded it.

In that period the dog population of this country has more than doubled. Nearly four million dogs are now being kept as household pets, an average of two dogs and a tail to every five houses.

More than one-third of all the dogs in the world now have homes in Britain and, incidentally, they provide the Treasury with a sweet little perquisite of £1,500,000 yearly from the sale of licences.

The "No Dog" ukase has robbed many a child of its playmate

Once they had unearthed the dormant rule, the temptation to enforce it became irresistible to the busybodies. All over the land they have been assembling in conclave as committees and councils and instructing town clerks rigidly to exact legal vengeance by ordering ratepayers either to surrender their homes or their pets.

Nowhere was it even suggested that the dogs were a nuisance, or that their owners were unfit to possess or to control them. It has been an exhibition of nothing less than the meanest tyranny by persons abusing the office into which their townspeople have voted them.

Everywhere the humane animal destruction stations have been unusually busy. Tens of thousands have submitted without protest—without knowledge of their rights—to the demand either to clear out of their homes or to dispose of their dogs.

Everywhere, that is, except Huddersfield, which has just switched the limelight upon this matter nationally. There, only one-third of the occupiers of self-contained houses has given way to the order of their civic rulers to part with their pets or their homes. The rest are holding out.

They will win. If they did not, the busybodies everywhere would next condemn the people for keeping cats and canaries and pigeons and parrots, just as has already been done with poultry in many places.

Already many councils all over the country are becoming alarmed at the lead of the dog-lovers of Yorkshire. They are now saying that tenants will only be evicted if they persist in keeping dogs *after permission to do so has been refused.*

This is a catch. Experience so far has been that only one tenant in every twelve who has made formal application to retain his dog has had it granted, although no objection could be made either to the animals or to the owners.

☆ ★ ☆

In any case, this evasion is legally nonsensical. The original tenancy agreements are either valid or invalid, and compromises by frightened councillors are most certainly ineffective and worthless.

We say that all these covenants are so much stuff and nonsense. We do not believe that any judge would entertain for one moment any application by a local authority to dispossess a tenant of his home solely on the ground that he is keeping a dog which is not a nuisance.

John Bull will call this bluff of local tyrants by challenging any of them to seek a possession order in the courts against one of their tenants.

The fact that two million citizens have put their names to agreements not to keep dogs in their homes cuts no ice. These people have been obliged to take houses under the housing schemes or to go homeless. Virtually, they signed under duress.

The Statutes of England and Scotland already provide adequately for the abatement of genuine nuisances caused by dogs. Ten-a-penny councillors must be taught that their home-made decrees are not superior to the laws of the land.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

No Water!—by Order of the Landlords

EVERYONE should be interested in a document just issued by the Ministry of Health.

In our opinion it is one of the most outrageous ever issued by a State Department.

It deals with a matter of vital importance—the supply of fresh water to the people. And it bluntly rejects the proposals for a proper water system for fear of "interference with the rights of property owners"!

Affront to the public

In a sense the Ministry of Health is not to blame for this monstrous affront to the public.

It appointed a committee to consider the whole problem of saving the community from the perils of drought and impure water supplies. That committee's report is therefore published by the Ministry, but it snubs Whitehall as effectively as it ignores the plight of those to whom pure water is a luxury.

The official plans for remedying the present position are turned down. People who went without water during the arid summers of 1933 and 1934 are informed that their hardships were "somewhat exaggerated."

Still dry

No mention is made of the people who, even in this wet summer, are without a proper supply. It may be that these sufferers, in the eyes of the committee, do not exist.

And yet we continue to receive reports of districts where people must walk half or three-quarters of a mile to get water from wells which are almost dry. Buses are used to take barrels of water from longer distances.

At Oban, Elgin and other Scottish towns there is fear of acute shortage. In North of England towns there is much the same position.

This is the state of affairs in a summer of exceptionally heavy rainfall!

Menace to cities

We shall not enlarge, therefore, on the grave peril which faced large districts last year—when even cities of the size of Bristol had to cut off water during certain hours in order to conserve supplies.

We shall content ourselves with a flat denial of the committee's allegation of "exaggeration." But the excuse that an efficient water system cannot be provided because of property owners calls for closer examination.

Barring the way

It is perhaps nothing new that vested interests should be allowed to obstruct an urgent public need. It is certainly new for an official body to encourage openly such obstruction.

And it is intolerable that we should be bid to endure the spectacle of drought-ridden towns and villages, parched fields and dying cattle, for fear that private landowners might object to a national water system.

Again, medical men do not hesitate to declare that impure or insufficient water is a menace to health, and the most ignorant layman can understand why. Are health considerations less important than "interference with the rights of property owners"?

Where it should go

The Ministry of Health will be to blame if it does not deposit this report in its appropriate place—the waste-paper basket.

We advise Sir Kingsley Wood and Parliament to ignore its astonishing recommendation that the Minister should not be allowed to make Orders for water supply schemes "even if unopposed."

And we hope that no time will be lost in preparing plans for a nation-wide system that will not only ensure a proper water supply for all but will also do much to banish the perpetual menace of floods.

Try, try again

We're glad Sir Francis Acland, Mr. A. P. Herbert and other M.P.s are going to make a fresh attempt next session to get the divorce laws reformed.

Sir Thomas Inskip was always the great stumbling-block when he was Attorney-General. Perhaps now he is in another office the attempt will have more chance of success.

Air Disasters Kept Dark

Poison Pen at its Worst

All they want is water . . . but vested interests bar the way

Fair demand

We are on the side of the bakers who want a forty-hour week and the abolition of night work. Conditions in many small bakeries are unhealthy enough without working all night and half the day.

And if countries like Australia have for years been able to dispense with night baking, why can't Britain?

Cut the cackle

Sir Kingsley Wood orders still another census of family budgets, so he can see whether people are getting enough to live on.

We can tell him one thing without wasting time on a long enquiry.

Hundreds of thousands of the unemployed are existing below the poverty line. That could be remedied in ten minutes by adding to their allowances without calling in learned professors to count their calories.

Bad taste

We don't blame the mourners who smashed a pressman's camera when bodies of those who perished in the Yorkshire pit disaster were being removed from ambulance to mortuary.

Mining families feel such a disaster more keenly than some folk appear to realise. If they resent being jostled by importunate outsiders at such a time, only the unsympathetic can be surprised.

Poison pen

The poison pen letters received at Enfield, Middlesex, must be among the very meanest. They hint that certain men "on the dole" are really working, and the feelings of their victims can better be imagined than described.

One man now sits in his garden all day to convince his neighbours that he is genuinely unemployed.

We know the difficulties of the police in tracing writers of anonymous letters. But may they be able to lay this particular cowardly liar by the heels!

Where's the joke?

Someone else to whom we'd show no mercy is the "practical joker" who has ruined the holiday of a Dagenham family.

Recalled by telegram, the parents left two of their children at the seaside while they rushed home. They found the home safe, their son in camp quite well. In the meantime, the other two children got a letter purporting to come from their mother telling them also to return home.

Some people's humour is so warped that it needs a spell in jail to straighten it.

Lucky lad

The Metropolitan Police is obviously well rid of Ivor Wren Hill, the young recruit found guilty of stealing money and property from fellow police officers.

The magistrate was told that he came from a good family and had been well educated, and that he had been asked to resign from the Force.

"I am not going to send you to prison, you have been punished already," said the magistrate, binding him over and imposing a fine. But should police blacksheep, whatever the circumstances, be treated leniently?

Shameful treatment

The Ancient Order of Foresters joins us in demanding better compensation for people injured at work. That's good, for we want all the support we can get in our efforts to end the shameful treatment of the great army of "peace disabled."

But more adequate allowances are not enough. As Sir William Birdwood has said in these columns, the victims must be trained for new jobs where their disabilities will not prevent them from earning a decent living.

Prize penalties

The Means Test bigwigs are having a fine time. Workless men who win prizes at Welsh Eisteddfodau are now liable to have the value of the prize deducted from their unemployment pay.

If a child wins an Eisteddfod prize, the father's benefit is liable to be cut in the same way.

It beats us

The usual bland assurances are given that "sympathetic consideration will be given in all cases."

But as the prizes are very small, and are awarded for educational and cultural attainments, why should they be assessed by the Means Test authorities?

It is petty parsimony carried to the extreme.

Stranded—by order

Victoria coach station, London. Saturday evening. Some 250 people wait to be transported. The usual coaches have been filled, extra ones cannot be used because of the Traffic Commissioners' regulations.

When the waiting crowd is told the facts, there is almost an ugly scene. In the end, fares have to be refunded and everyone found hotel accommodation.

Nothing new in this sort of story, we know. But it will be as old as the hills before we cease attacking the official red tape which prevents people from using the form of travel they prefer.

Handsome reward

The holidays-with-pay movement is making headway. Worthy of note is the rare generosity of a large manufacturing firm near London, which is going to give a week's paid holiday to all hourly employees with twenty-five years' service—so that at least one in a hundred of the workers will benefit!

It warms our heart to see loyal work so handsomely rewarded, and if the privilege is ever extended to men with only twenty years' service we shall probably swoon with delight.

Vexed question

When should parental control over children cease? That's a question which in nearly every home is the cause of trouble at some time or other.

No doubt you've read two recent court cases which raise the problem afresh. In one, a mother is told by the magistrate: "A girl of sixteen has a right to rule her own life." In the other, a man of eighty-two orders his son, aged forty-five, to be in bed by 10 o'clock.

We are not sure the magistrate is entirely right, but we fancy that wise parents drop the reins of control as soon as they possibly can.

Too young to marry?

But whether it's wise to marry at the earliest possible age is a different question, provoked by the case of the seventeen-year-old wife who applies at a London court for a separation order, says she was married last Christmas, and that married life doesn't suit her.

There's a lot to be said in favour of early marriages, but very little for a girl scarce past childhood choosing a life partner.

Air disaster secrecy

Recent air accidents stress the odd fact that the official enquiries into such disasters are always held in private, unlike those into rail and mining crashes.

True, an inquest is usually held. But if the victims are lost at sea, of course, this cannot be done.

In any case, since air safety is a matter of public concern, all air investigations should be open to the public.

Dross—

Amongst the lesser news of the week is a story which shows human nature at its worst and best.

The worst is typified by William Ernest Foulds, who is deservedly sent to five months' jail by the North London magistrate. Foulds, loan club treasurer, misappropriated £50, of which £17 was meant to take poor children for a summer outing.

An incredibly mean business? Yes, but wait a bit.

—among the gold

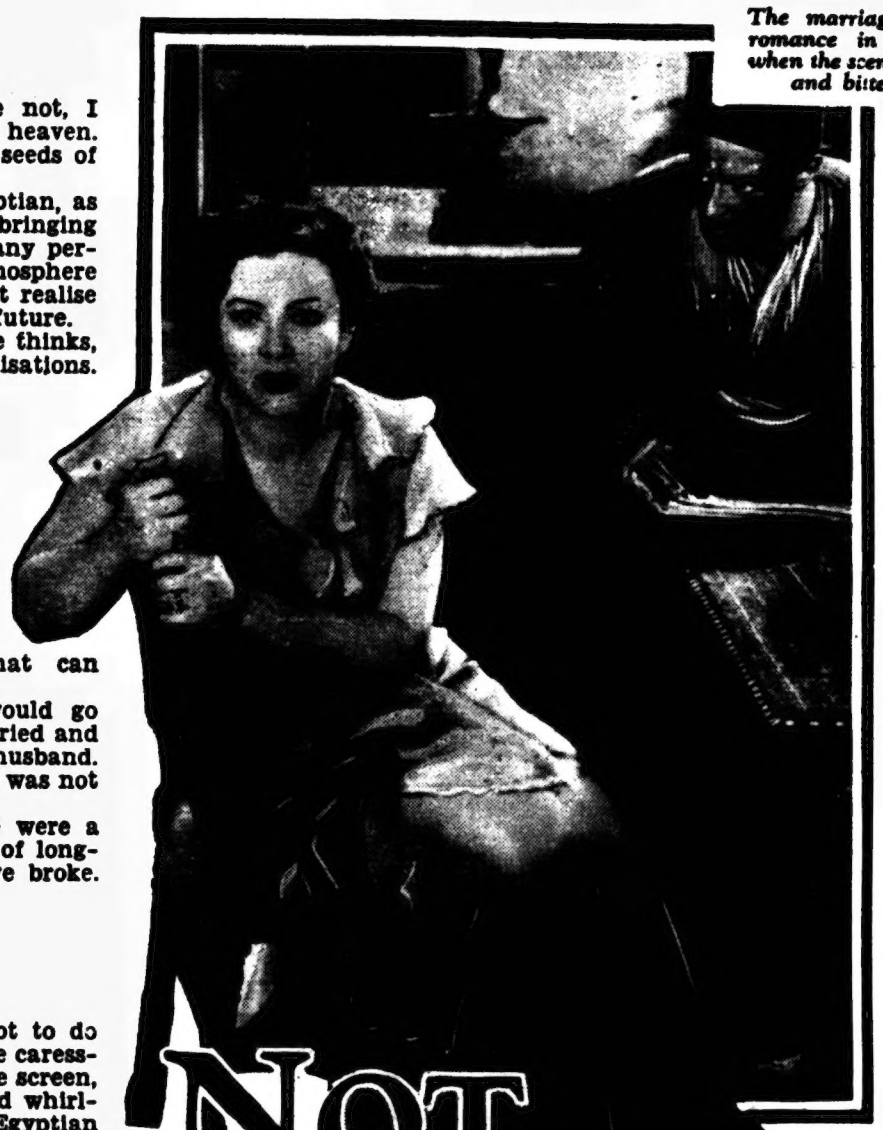
The people whose pockets he plundered are not the kind to let anger spoil their good intentions. They have had a whip round, somehow raised £17. So the poor children will get to the seaside after all.

The real point is perhaps that we are far more likely to hear of men like Foulds than the benefactors who atone for their misdeeds.

Birthday greetings

A week or two ago, we suggested that a Cornishman of ninety was probably our oldest reader. We were wrong. For the first place is claimed by Mrs. Clay, of Nottingham, who will be ninety-five on September 3.

May she enjoy that birthday and many others!



The marriage seems a colourful romance in England, but often when the scene is shifted only horror and bitter regrets are left

NOT Made in HEAVEN!

-by Mrs.- Cecil Chesterton

ANGLO-EASTERN marriages are not, I think, among those made in heaven. To me they hold the implicit seeds of anguish and bewilderment.

The man, Indian or Egyptian, as may be, by creed and upbringing regards woman as subservient without any personal rights. The girl, reared in the atmosphere of a sane liberty, does not for a moment realise his outlook, but has no doubts as to the future.

He is genuinely in love, and love, she thinks, will bridge the gulf between the two civilisations. Life with her charming, dusky-coloured husband will be a long romance in an exotic setting.

She has no idea that at home in his native land he will inevitably see her with different eyes. By marriage she has become a woman of the East and must accept the customs of the country. That this is impossible to a girl bred under totally different conditions is beyond his comprehension. Thus they begin with a complete misunderstanding—a misunderstanding that can never be put right.

"When we married I thought all would go well," said the Ipswich woman recently tried and acquitted for the murder of her Syrian husband. "I did not count on racial differences. I was not a wife. I was a harem slave."

He had treated her as though she were a woman of colour, and under the strain of long-drawn humiliation and misery her nerve broke. She shot him and tried to shoot herself.

Magnificence

The kinema, I always feel, has a lot to do with these parti-coloured marriages. The caressing ardour of the sheik as revealed on the screen, his thrilling voice, passionate nature and whirling methods endow quite an ordinary Egyptian with the most glamorous qualities.

The desert home of the films, a positive Garden of Allah fringed with palms, where bronze-complexioned dragomans wait their master's command, is surely the counterpart of the home he will provide?

No wonder a girl's head is turned by such seductive prospects, that life in a comfortable English family by comparison seems drab.

Then, again, we have the magnificence of the Indian princes with fabulous jewels and glittering palaces. Under the spell of the pictures and the newspaper articles describing their enchanted existence, marriage with an Indian student seems a prelude to breath-taking magnificence.

There is no one to tell the infatuated girl the social standpoint of her Oriental admirer, possibly the son of the poor but industrious father of a big family, and the criticisms and sniffs of relations and friends only strengthen her determination to marry him.

Poor child, what a heartbreaking disillusion awaits her. All too often she finds herself—thousands of miles away—in a back street in a sweltering city sharing her Eastern home with a large and incongruous household.

Nobody cares

She may even discover that she is by no means the one and only wife, and that a boy-and-girl marriage predated hers. The husband is quite unconscious of having injured her by such a proceeding. His religion allows him more than one wife—what is there to make a fuss about?

Meanwhile she is cut off from all congenial companionship and help. She has nothing in common with her husband's people, and the British in the East do not acknowledge those women who have married out of their colour.

Nobody calls on her—nobody cares, and the climate frets her nerves to ribbons. Indians do not require the electric fans or punkahs essential to the European, and without these ameliorations the heat is unbearable.

She cannot sleep. She cannot eat, and sanitation is elementary.

As for the man she has married, opportunities for a private life with him are nil. She shares him socially with the cousins and the aunts, the mothers and the grandmothers that make up an Oriental domicile. It is the habit of the East to which she must conform.

One of the saddest letters I ever read was om an English girl married to a Hindu doctor. She had gone out to India full of enthusiasm. She was to help her husband build up a practice, and they planned to carry out all sorts of social work together. In England he had shared her eagerness, but back in his own environment tradition had its way.

The girl found herself relegated to an existence of "purdah"—*i.e.*, seclusion in the home—without even the housekeeping to do, that being the province of her husband's mother.

"I meet no one, I go nowhere outside the family," she wrote. "I have nothing to do, nothing to read or to think about. I only see my husband late at night, and then he doesn't want to talk. I sometimes think he has no use for me outside sex. I feel I can't go on bearing this life much longer without a soul to speak to. Oh! mother, mother, what am I to do?" . . .

Imagine the isolation of such an existence. One white woman in a coloured crowd, conscious of a hundred differences between her and the family with whom she must live until she dies. Her very clothes are the badge of exile. The blithe young English bride has become a stranger within her husband's gates.

"Bruised all over"

Sometimes a darker note creeps in. For a short time after her marriage to an Egyptian engineer, a Glasgow girl wrote radiant letters to her parents. The young couple were living in Cairo, and the city seemed to her a paradise. Gradually the letters grew less regular and at last they stopped. The news of her death came a year or two later from a woman missionary in the district.

"I was with the poor thing at the last," she said. "A native doctor fetched me. I have never seen anyone so broken. She cried like a child when I got there. She said she'd been so terribly alone, that her husband was so insanely jealous that he'd shut her up for days on end. There was worse, too. She had been badly knocked about. Her little body was bruised all over. . . . ."

I shall probably be told that the examples I have quoted, typical of countless others, can be matched by cases felicitous as these are tragic.

I shall be reminded of the Sultana of this, the Ranee of that—English wives of Eastern husbands who live the most brilliant and unfettered lives.

Truth—too late

Here, however, the men are either of vast wealth and international standing or hold official positions under the British Government. Westernised in outlook and habit, they subscribe to the ordinary conditions of an English marriage.

Moreover, these cases stand outside the circumstances of the majority of coloured students who come in contact with our girls.

"He has such good manners and says such lovely things," a charming little person explained when I asked why she was always about with a young Indian. "He's terribly attractive."

I remember the words when some time later I met a woman with an Indian husband who had settled in Singapore.

"I used to think the East would be like fairyland," she said. "My husband used to tell me such wonderful stories.

He was fascinating when he was young. Things weren't a bit what I expected. His family is very poor and we couldn't afford a servant. And the smells! I couldn't have thought that people could live with such smells. Looking back, I can't understand how I could have left England.

Children, too

"If only I'd known—if only other girls could know. . . .

"Then there are my children. Two boys and a girl—it's worse for the girls. You see, the whites won't have them. They're not allowed even to go to the same schools, and the coloured people don't want them. They're outcasts, pariahs—even their father is ashamed of them.

"And I'm English, English," she cried.

It was then, I think, that I realised the full tragedy of the whole thing. For the suffering and the misery does not stop at husband and wife, but is handed on to the children. They are Eurasians, the product of a union between a European and an Asiatic, and as such are branded throughout the East.

Divided by race, tradition and colour, what hope of happiness for either husband or wife can lie in such a marriage?

GREAT Wireless

NEXT Wednesday Britain's seven million owners of wireless sets, its twenty-five million listeners, will wake up to find a revolution has hit them.

The great Radio Exhibition opens at Olympia on that day, and the industry, whose factories and laboratories have been working night and day for months past, will announce the most important development which wireless has seen for ten years.

They call it "short-wave" or "all-wave" radio.

What it means to the ordinary listener is that a whole new domain of entertainment and interest is opened up to him. He can now, literally, tune in to the farthest corners of the earth.

Previously, the average set has been able to receive only the long and medium wavelengths which are used by the European stations. And with the growth of more and more powerful stations all crowded next door to each other in this area of the ether, and each interfering with the other, listening to Europe has not been much fun.

Sets which would receive the world of interest that exists on the short-wave band—America, Australia, the Empire stations, ship and amateur stations and countless others—were for the moderately rich man only. Some of them cost as much as a small car. But now they will be brought within the reach of everybody's purse

What the new development means to Britain's huge radio industry is past all telling. It is nothing less than a godsend.

Last year, when the annual Exhibition closed, Mr. J. H. Williams, chairman of the Radio Manufacturers' Association, estimated that about 1,750,000 new sets would be sold to the public during the forthcoming business year.

But there were many in the trade who thought that would be a "peak" figure, never to be reached again.

New life

With the number of new licences slowing down, with millions of average listeners getting *blasé* about the "thrills" of wireless, and with the unrestrained growth of powerful "foreigners" making listening conditions difficult, there was some gloomy talk of saturation point being approached for wireless sales.

But you will hear no such talk now. The short-wave addition to ordinary wireless listening is going to add millions to sales and give the industry new life.

And the industry knows it. For although there has been much "hush-hush," and although the full extent of the change will not be seen until the Exhibition opens, we may say that practically every manufacturer has turned his plant over and redesigned his sets to include this short-wave equipment.

Who is responsible for this revolution in a universal popular pastime and in the mammoth industries which have been built upon it?

Not the industry itself, with its million-pound research resources—or, at least, not primarily. The thanks are due to a mere handful of people compared with the number of wireless listeners in the world.

The "radio amateurs" they are called—"hams," for short. They are the people who have done more than anybody else to make the new development possible. Nearly all of them are unknown to the ordinary man, and practically none of them has any direct connection with the industry.

These "hams"—a nickname which goes back possibly to the days when the controls of a wireless set were so delicate that one's hands *felt* like hams—are the real pioneers of radio.

Many of them working without much technical knowledge, and most with instruments and apparatus held together with bits of wire and assembled on a kitchen table, have achieved marvels in harnessing the spaces of the ether for wireless communication.

If you listen-in to-night on a set which can receive short-waves, you will be bound to hear some of them talking to each other.

There are now about 50,000 amateur transmitting stations in existence, and scarcely a spot on the earth's surface, from the jungles of the Far East to the pampas of Peru, where one or two are not working.

They hold communication with each other over distances as great as these. They fill the air with their voices the twenty-four hours through.

Driven out

There is a striking similarity between the history of ether development and that of land development. Just as the old pioneers were driven out to the prairies and empty spaces because of overcrowding and lack of opportunity—so also with the wireless pioneers.

In the early days of radio the amateurs worked and experimented on what is now the "long-wave" band. As shipping, commercial and State wireless began to occupy the available spaces in this area, the "hams" were driven down to the shorter wavelengths, now the "medium-wave" band, then an untenanted portion of the ether.

As soon as they had got over the many snags and obstacles to efficient working in this area, and had shown that easy communication was possible, they were driven out by the growth of public broadcasting stations and down to the "short waves."

Although, for technical reasons into which we need not enter here, there is more room for everybody in this area, the "hams" are already preparing to move out. Hundreds of them are now working and experimenting in the domain of the "ultra short" waves—those which range in length from a few inches to ten yards or so.

It is this mysterious region, where communication is at present limited and difficult, which is to be used for television purposes. When at last television really arrives, the "hams" pioneering will have done more than anybody to have made it possible.

The great fascination about the short waves is the enormous distances over which messages and programmes can be received.

The early wireless pioneers who first picked up the Eiffel Tower broadcasts on their earphones, *via* a "catswhisker" and a crystal, enjoyed a thrill that the owner of a modern set which "gets anything in Europe" has seldom or never known.

At least eight out of every ten listeners judge their wireless set by its sensitivity—its distance ranging powers. Just as a car owner will proudly say that his car will "do seventy," so a set owner will boast that his set will "get Budapest" or "get Warsaw."

But in these days, when practically every main European station works at giant power, in these days of efficient radio valves and foolproof set controls, a lot of the edge has gone off that boast. When "knob-twiddling" went out (never mind how it sounded to the rest of the family) a lot of the thrill went out of wireless.

The short waves, with their huge capacity for distance bridging, have put the thrill back again.

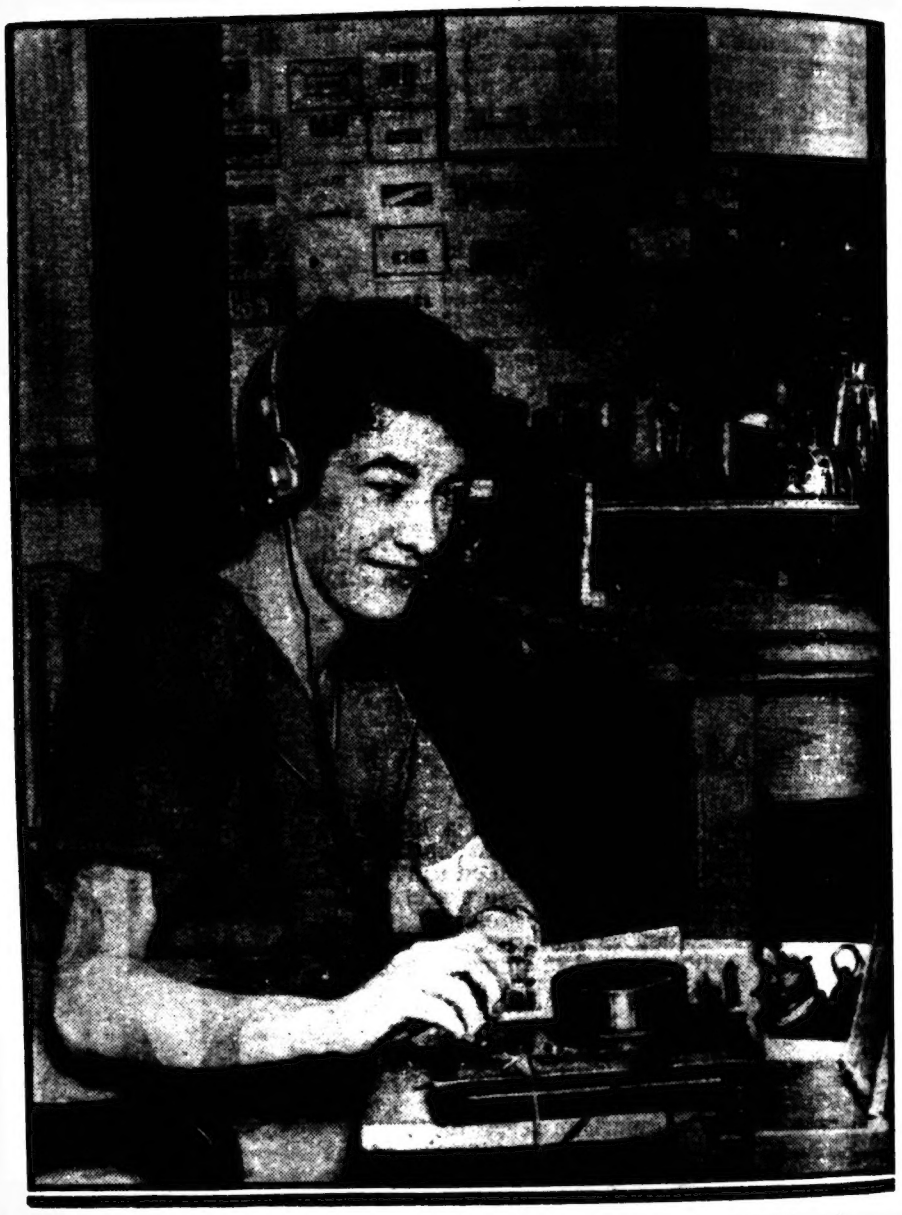
The so-called "amateur band" alone on the short waves provides endless interest and entertainment. Most of the stations working on this band—and there are hundreds of them—talk in English or in the "hams" language, which is easy enough to pick up and understand.

Nobody can deny that it would be a relief sometimes to turn from the fat stock prices in the British programme, or an Italian soprano raising the roof in Rome, to a radio conversation between, say, an amateur in Guatemala City and an ether friend of his in California.

It is quite possible to do this, given reasonably suitable conditions, on quite ordinary short-wave sets, from anywhere in Britain.

A few years ago scores of short-wave amateurs in this country heard Admiral Byrd talking to America from his base camp in the frozen wastes of the remote Antarctic and the radio telephone conversations and reports going on between the men in his various camps.

They listened-in to conversations from some of our expeditions at the North Pole. A woman in the North of England overheard the grim reports from Professor Schmidt stranded with his ship's company in the Arctic ice floes, and followed over the air progress of the rescue attempts.



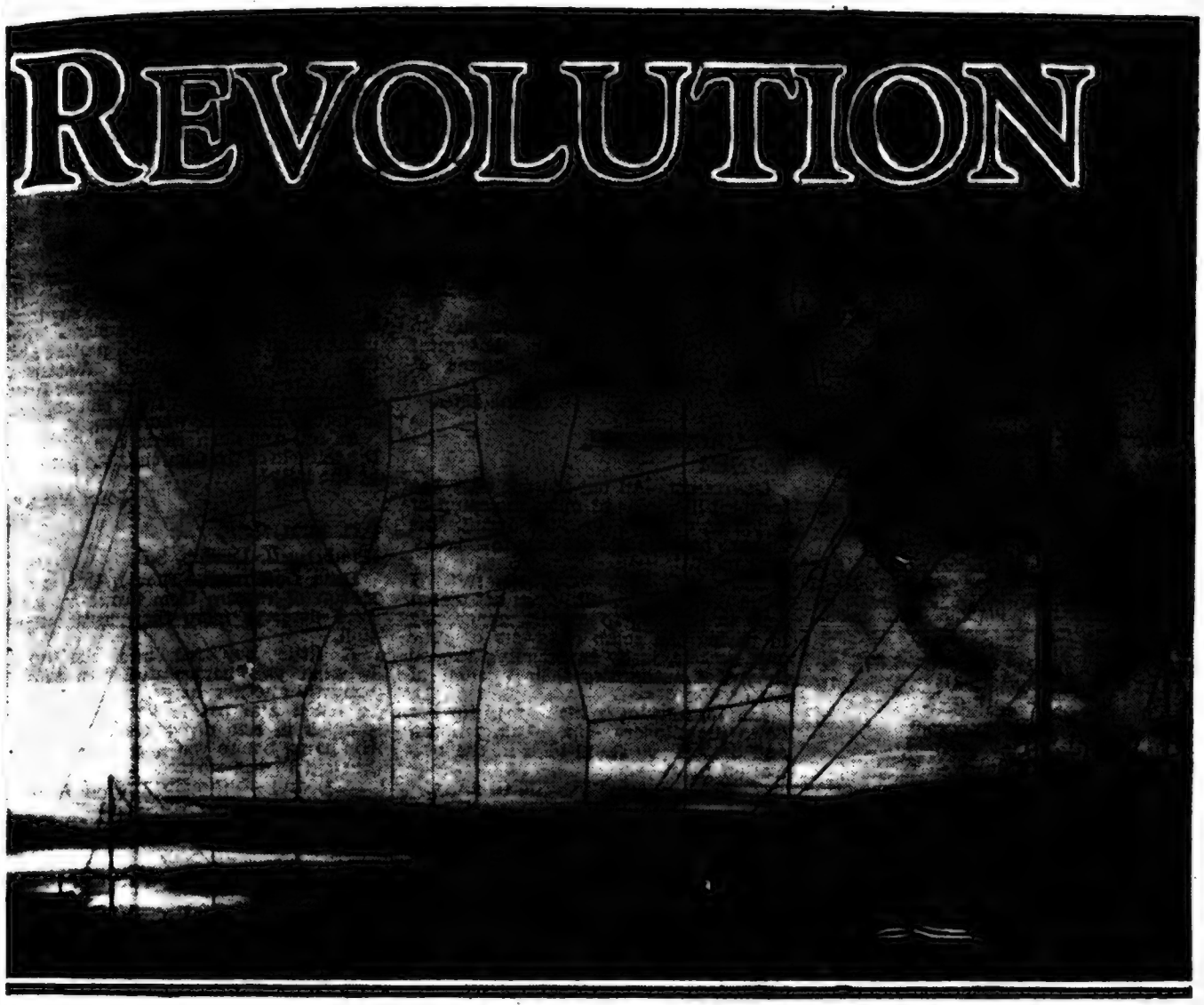
And a lot of it is due to her! Miss Hilda Carry, of Surrey, one of Britain's leading short wave amateur enthusiasts. It is the work of such people which has helped perfect the new technique for the public generally.

Despairing call

Another woman picked the S.O.S. and last despairing call of a vessel foundering in a North Sea gale and sending out its appeals for help on the short waves.

Some time ago, when listeners on these wavelengths were few and far between, they banded themselves together into leagues for the exchange of information about their fascinating hobby. Members of these leagues send lists of their weekly "bags" of stations for publication in the leagues' journals. Most of these are amateur's stations, but to go through an ordinary sample "bag" of station names and localities is to cover the whole world from the South Seas to Alaska.

Short-wave listening has brought a "collector's interest" into wireless in another way. If you pick up an amateur's transmitting station and write to him saying at what time you heard him, and give a few details



Weird—and wonderful—This extraordinary network of aerials is at Daventry, where Britain can send out short wave messages to the far corners of the world

—It Brings the World to Your Fireside

about the quality and strength of your reception of his signal, he will send you what they call a Q.S.L. card.

Some of these cards are works of art. Each contains the station's call letters, its slogan and the time it comes on the air. Often it is overprinted in colour with a design symbolical of the country or this amateur's actual business.

Some of these Q.S.L. cards, too, are "rarities," like rare stamps. And the time may come when they will acquire a real financial value.

The ordinary listener can set about amassing a collection of these cards with the sets which the short-wave revolution has now brought within his reach, a collection, perhaps, quite as big as the expert "hams" who own their own transmitting stations.

For the charm of short-wave listening is its inconsistency. A quite ordinary type of set can often accomplish as much in the way of distance reception as the most elaborate outfit.

World friendship

In any case, collecting these cards from foreign amateurs, and the little chains of correspondence which are set up over thousands of miles, are all good for international friendship. A common interest in a common hobby makes for friendship, and even if one party's share is only turning a dial and listening, the follow-up, the exchange of a letter and a card later, establishes the contact.

It is significant that most of the "hams" themselves, who talk to each other all over the world, are in a World Friendship Society of Radio Amateurs pledged to "co-operate in promoting world peace" and never to permit their amateur transmitting stations to be used "as the tool of selfish nationalistic interests."

But don't think that listening to the amateurs at work is the only entertainment that this new realm of the short waves affords to the ordinary listener.

Most world-wide communication now takes place on this waveband. If you want to hear America you can only do so (except in very rare instances) on the "short waves." Sydney (Australia) can be picked up in Sheffield or Melbourne in Manchester with ease on an ordinarily efficient "short waver."

All the drama of the world's happenings and news now seems to be compressed within this area.

Hundreds of people owning these new sets have been listening-in to Spain each night. Besieged Madrid tells the world in English the progress of the Government's defence against the rebels. The rebel stations in other parts of Spain reply giving their side of the campaign. Boasts of victories or defeats are interlarded with tango music from the cafés. The listener at first hand can weigh the conflicting statements against each other.

More—in a second he can tune in to Germany's short-wave station and hear *in English* that country's version of the day's happenings in Spain; and in another second he can let Mussolini's powerful short-wave transmitters thunder through his loud speaker, giving the Italian version, also in English.

Fill in the picture with the news in the morning paper, and the ordinary individual, through this astounding revolution in wireless, has an opportunity of "hearing all sides," of knowing what the world is thinking, and of informing and making up his own mind on some great controversial issue, as has never before been the case in history.

If he cares to go to bed late he can tune in to the great short-wave stations within the Kremlin in Moscow and listen to how the mighty machine of modern Russia is governed. About two o'clock in the morning the commissars and the various executives begin talking across the thousands of miles of steppes and forest and deserts making and receiving reports about the progress of the day's activities.

Empire hears

He might hear a voice, brisk and irascible by turns, questioning and answering. As likely as not that is one of the agricultural "bosses" talking from Moscow to a collectivised farm chief far away in the Caucasus.

Language here is a difficulty, but the intonation of praise and blame is the same in all languages, and imagination can supply a lot. There is a thrill anyway in listening-in, in the silence of the night, to men's voices talking thousands of miles away.

Then, the short-wave listener can hear the Empire stations at Daventry broadcasting the programmes which are being picked up by lonely planters in the jungles of Malaya, by officials living in isolated bungalows in the far forests of Northern India, settlers in the African veldt. To them it is "home" talking, and the listener sitting in an English suburban parlour can feel a vicarious bond of union with them.

Besides the great radio stations which now occupy this band, there are hosts of smaller transmitters which can be picked up and add to the thrills and interest.

No frontiers

The *Graf Zeppelin*, for instance, uses this band for communication with the land, and so does the liner *Queen Mary*. All the South American continent uses it for programmes and news. Addis Ababa broadcasts on the short waves; so does Honolulu—and anywhere, any place, anybody when the necessity for communicating over vast distances is involved.

Above all, it is *distance* which lends the drama, the enchantment to this new domain for the wireless listener.

The "short-wave" revolution, which a few amateurs tinkering with bits of wire and valves have brought about, has carried the far frontiers of the world within the walls of everybody's front parlour!

THE FLYING MAJOR

EX-SERVICE men in the Kent village of Biggin Hill are wondering what lies behind the sudden departure from that neighbourhood of "Major" A. D. Stannard, until lately chairman of the local branch of the British Legion.

The "major," with his wife and two young children, came to Biggin Hill in the autumn of last year, renting a furnished bungalow.

Before long Stannard was taking a considerable part in village affairs, and when a branch of the British Legion was formed, was elected the chief official. At the inaugural meeting he took the chair, supported by a gathering of distinguished officers from the county headquarters.

No one questioned the "major's" rank or military service, although some surprise was expressed when at full dress parades of the Legion he attended wearing only medal ribbons.

A scheme was put forward to establish a British Legion Club at Biggin Hill, and in this connection a firm of brewers advanced the sum of £65 towards the initial expenses.

Difficulties arose, however, in securing suitable premises for the proposed club. At a committee meeting, the "Major" read a letter addressed to him ostensibly by the brewers, asking that as the club proposal seemed to have reached a deadlock the money advanced should be returned to them.

Consequently a cheque for £60—all the money then available—was passed to "Major" Stannard to repay the brewers.

Later, "Major" Stannard secured permission from the Chief Constable of Kent to conduct a flag day collection for the Benevolent Fund of the Legion. Arrangements were made, but forty-eight hours before the day fixed permission was withdrawn.

And now "Major" Stannard has made his exit from Biggin Hill. We can reveal that enquiries prove that he was a bogus major. There is nothing in Army records to show that this fellow ever held the commissioned rank to which he pretended.

What happened to the cheque for £60 is a mystery. It can be stated definitely that the firm of brewers did not write asking for the return of the money advanced. Neither has the firm received any money back.

The present location of "Major" Stannard is unknown. Many people would like to discover it, for his legacy to Biggin Hill is a trail of unsatisfied debts.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Show Spain it's an old British Custom!

The Salvation Army is Wrong — Another Job for Mr. Belisha — A Vicar Attacks Funeral Snobs—Looking for Work a Crime!

DEAR MR. OGILVIE-FORBES,—I like your courage—your airy good humour. Indeed, I am sure you have pleased millions by the way you obeyed the sudden call to take charge of the British Embassy in Madrid.

Summoned from your home in Aberdeenshire, you spent the last hours before your departure for the Spanish "front" in packing up not weapons for self-defence, but your golf clubs, tennis rackets—and your bagpipes.

That reveals, more surely than anything else, the authentic British spirit. It was the same calm acceptance of future dangers that made Drake finish his game of bowls when the Armada loomed on the horizon, that made British Tommies play cards in advanced dug-outs.

* * *

Your baggage is interesting for another reason It includes a hundred and fifty Union Jacks to protect the lives of beleaguered Britons!

"A Union Jack is the finest passport a British subject can possess in Spain during the present troubles," you declare.

Some of our croakers say the writ of British authority no longer runs beyond the confines of our Empire. Foreign dictators, they tell us, do not care a snap of the fingers for Britain.

Well, you know better. You know that our flag is still as powerful as the guns of a great battleship, and that even in a foreign civil war it will not be flouted.

For twice before, you have had experience of revolution, and though this will be your most difficult mission you can be expected to carry it out with the greatest possible success.

It will be your duty to restore contacts with the Spanish Government, to act as the lone representative of our Government in Madrid and to protect the lives of a hundred or more British citizens throughout Spain. The fact that some have been held as "hostages" shows that your task is no sinecure.

You have no force at your command. Whatever you do must be done by tact and persuasiveness—and the Union Jack.

* * *

Judging by the nature of your preparations and your high spirits, I think you will enjoy the job.

I can only hope that it will not absorb all your day, and that you will find time to enjoy a round or two of golf on the courses near Madrid and to practise the wistful airs of your native land on the bagpipes!

JOHN BULL.

He knows the Flag still counts!

Mr. CHARLES EDWARD SHIPLEY,
Salvation Army Bandsman, Lincoln

DEAR SIR,—It's against Salvation Army rules for members to sell tobacco, and so you've been compelled to resign rather than give up your livelihood as a hairdresser and tobacconist.

You're right in thinking first of your wife and child. The "Army" is wrong, as I warned General Booth recently, in thinking that smoking and other harmless pleasures are synonymous with sin.

It would be a pity if the many smokers who contribute to her war-chest decided to retaliate. Yet there are limits to tolerances as well as to intolerance.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. HORE-BELISHA,
Minister of Transport

DEAR MR. HORE-BELISHA,—Have you read of the car which, bought at the scrapyard for 30s., crashed next day on the road near Lincoln?

I have drawn your attention before to the danger of such old crocks, and those others which, though apparently in good order, should not be allowed on the roads. I hope you will not delay much longer in making it impossible for cars to change hands without a certificate of road-worthiness.

JOHN BULL.

The Reverend A. LEAR,
Tyldesley, Lancs

DEAR SIR,—Rather than see parishioners waste money on costly funerals, you offer your own car to convey mourners to the graveside.

Well, I, too, wish we could see an end of the snobbery which induces poverty-stricken families to mortgage their bread and butter on elaborate burial trappings for fear of "what the neighbours might think."

And I trust you will continue to attack the barbaric notion that grief can be measured only in terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Wakefield

GENTLEMEN,—An out-of-work who has tramped hundreds of miles in search of a job is charged because during his absence his wife has drawn a few weeks' poor relief.

You think that "unfortunate." I think it damnable. Still, you act mercifully in refusing to convict, generously in paying the court costs out of your own pockets, justly in declining to give the relief authorities their "pound of flesh."

And for refusing to kick a man further down the slippery slope of desperation and despair you stand high in the estimation of

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY,
House of Commons

DEAR MR. LANSBURY,—Your suggestion that President Roosevelt should be invited to call a world peace conference will no doubt receive sympathetic attention. But haven't we conferred for years on the same subject without success?

What we really need—and I think you will agree—are a different lot of world statesmen who could be trusted to work for peace with determination and courage.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. SPENSER,
King Edward Street, Grimsby

DEAR SIR,—Four hundred children, your neighbours in a poor street, owe to you a glorious country drive and several happy hours at the seaside.

And yet you raised the money when you were not queueing up for a job at the employment exchange.

Many of those kiddies must share a wistful hope that your luck will soon change!

JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace

DEAR BISHOP,—Yes, it would be a good thing if the clergy gave up preaching for two or three years. "There are too many sermons," you say smilingly.

Perhaps it would be better to say that there are too many *bad* sermons. Sermons which ignore the vital problems of the world, cut-and-dried discourses which are often bought in batches from an agency and which treat churchgoers as wholly wicked or wholly stupid.

As an American cleric has declared, the miracle of the Church is the patience of the laity!

JOHN BULL.

P.C. MOUNCE,
Camberwell, London, S.E.

DEAR CONSTABLE,—Though this is the season of rescues from drowning, your deed deserves more than usual attention.

A little boy fell into the canal between two barges and was sucked beneath another barge. A man tried to reach him but in vain. Then you jumped in and dived five times under the barge before you were able to bring the lad to the surface.

Knowing the difficulties of such a rescue, I must pay tribute to your high courage and determination.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. R. D. CHALKE,
Porthcawl

DEAR DOCTOR,—Some of your council colleagues consider that air circuses are an attraction to seaside holiday crowds. You share the view of others that stunting by low-flying planes is a great peril unless performed over the sea.

My own opinion is that aerial acrobatics should not be permitted over or near any town.

So if the council must choose between the devil and the deep blue sea, your solution is obviously the better one.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY NICHOLLS,
Tottenham

DEAR SIR,—After five years of retirement, and at the age of sixty-six, you must either find a job or go into the workhouse.

For you put most of your life's savings into two little cottages which have been condemned, and compensation is denied you.

I have long agitated that fair compensation should be made in hard cases such as yours, and I can only offer you my sympathy—and indignation.

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM the B.B.C.

MOON MADNESS

WAY down in ole Virginny
They send each piccaninny
To sleep beneath "the silver-shining moon."
So fellows who write lyrics
Can plunge us in hysterics
By rhyming it unfailingly with "coon"!

Apart from such abuses,
The moon has sundry uses,
Inspiring those with poetry imbued;
And, with its pallor mystic,
Supplying aid artistic
When Edward tells his tale to Ermyntrude.

And now someone discovers
That when the full moon hovers
Above the earth and drives some blokes to rhyme.
It also is provided
With pow'rs no less decided
For driving other citizens to crime!

It would seem, indeed, that the moon possesses the virtues of petit-mal, megrims and other medical mysteries which sometimes enable shoplifters to come off best in arguments with the Law.

When at Radcliffe, Lancs, a man was charged with theft, his solicitor pleaded that his client was "ruled by the moon," so that when it was full he was apt to do strange things.

The fact that "lunacy" is derived from the Latin word "luna," meaning the moon, lends colour to this theory. But its acceptance suggests Gilbertian possibilities.

If Bill Sikes broke into the Bank of England and stole a portion of the gold reserve, together with Professor Skinner's wigs, whiskers and other disguises, he could, presumably, secure a triumphant acquittal by calling the Astronomer-Royal to prove that there was a full moon at the time the deed was done.

When in the long-ago Gertie Millar sang 'I am so silly when the moon comes out," nobody guessed that she was making a valuable contribution to medico-legal psychology; but nowadays "Our Miss Gibbs" would be a shining light in Ha-Harley Street.

Modern psychology has certainly made it necessary for the modern criminal to be a cove of encyclopædic knowledge; but with an adequate study of astronomy, astrology, phrenology and other odds and ends he can literally "get away with murder."

If success you would fain as a wrongdoer gain.
Some things you should certainly know
Regarding the stars and the movements of Mars
And the quarters from which the winds blow.

When Venus is high overhead in the sky,
All well-informed criminals rest;
And to save you from jail even experts may fail
If you steal when the wind's in the west!

A really full moon is the criminal's boon,
For crimes that are done when it shines
(If he's tried by a judge who's addicted to fudge)
Won't even be punished with fines!

So, when next the moon gleams I won't squander its beams,
By robb'ng a couple of banks.
But some pest I will slay (a psychologist, say)
And the court will acquit me with thanks!

His Majesty's Privacy —a Protest

MORE than once in these notes I have spoken of the King's expressed desire for privacy during his holiday. The very fact that he is travelling *incognito*, as the Duke of Lancaster, should be a sufficient intimation of his wishes.

And yet they have been so shamelessly disregarded by the Press, even by the British Press, that it has been necessary for an official note to be sent out requesting that as little publicity as possible shall be given to the King's movements during his cruise.

I am surprised that responsible editors should have sanctioned the appearance of material that they must have known was an infringement of the King's wishes. And I am glad to hear that assurances have been given that there shall be no more of it.

★ ★ ★

EVERY sensible person realises that the King's attitude is perfectly reasonable. Even when he is travelling *incognito* his movements are still necessarily a matter of public interest, but a little discretion could indulge this without unmannerly interference.

It is, for example, charming to hear that the King, for the entertainment of his guests, bought a set of skittles from some fishermen with whom he joined in a game at Novigrad, or that he astonished an old woman in Rab by walking unannounced into her shop and asking for a sailor's shirt; but he must heartily wish that sometimes he could shop ashore unnoticed by the official news-hunters.

And when I read of a Continental press photographer disguising himself as a fisherman in order to get near to the King while he was bathing at an isolated spot on the seashore, I should like to have introduced him to my boot. The report says that the King was amused. I doubt it.

The King going aboard the yacht "Nahlin" during his holiday

★ ★ ★

ONE needs but very little imagination to realise how vital must be this problem of privacy in the King's life. The year round, apart from his holiday, he is more conspicuously in the daily limelight than, I suppose, any other man in the world.

Bernard Shaw, whose eightieth birthday has recently placed him for the eightieth time on the front pages for news value, once told me that he received a thousand, or it may have been two thousand, press cuttings a year. In any case, the record was phenomenal. But, even so, it pales beside that of the King.

In writing these articles during the past months it has been my business to see everything that has appeared in the newspapers about him. And, taking the world over into account, I suppose that fifty thousand clippings a year would be no excessive estimate. Which puts every other public figure on the stage of world activity easily into the shade. No one, even in Hollywood, can stand up to that.

★ ★ ★

BUT the King takes all this fierce publicity with unruffled composure as part of his public responsibility. Which is all the more reason why during his weeks "off" his wishes should be scrupulously respected.

I hear, however, that, distasteful as a certain kind of Press attention on his cruise may have been to the King, the spontaneous enthusiasm with which he has been welcomed by the people along the Dalmatian coast has given him great

John Drinkwater's *Intimate Diary* THE KING THIS WEEK

pleasure. In it he felt the warmth of genuine friendliness and not merely an inquisitive intrusion on his privacy.

So little, indeed, is the King by nature a man for keeping himself to himself that these genial scenes will find a place in the movie record that he is making of his cruise. The time and the occasion, unlike some others, were opportune, and the King was quite ready openly to show that if these people were interested in him he, too, was interested in them.

Among the most interesting photographs taken by the King have been several of coral divers at work among the reefs of the Kornat Islands in the Adriatic.

This is the only place in Europe where coral fishing is an industry, and hearing that the season would be in full swing during his cruise the King made arrangements in advance to see the divers at work. Several of these dived and posed specially for close-ups, and the King was able to photograph the complete process by which the coral is brought up from the ocean bed.

★ ★ ★

THE King's guests on board the *Nahlin* make but a small party, some half-dozen in all. Among those in attendance on His Majesty are Sir John Aird, his equerry, and Sir Godfrey Thomas, one of his secretaries, both friends of old and long-tried standing.

Sir Godfrey, who, by the way, pocketed a prejudice against flying when he made the first part of the journey in the King's aeroplane, piloted by Lieutenant Fielden, now Captain of the King's Flight, has been with His Majesty some seventeen years. He has travelled with him in most parts of the world, and there is no one in the Royal Household who more closely enjoys the King's confidence.

I hear that at the end of the month his place on the cruise is likely to be taken by another of the King's friends who is also an official, Mr. Alan Lascelles. He joined the Household a year after Sir Godfrey, and like his colleague has travelled extensively with the King.

They have faced the dangers of the African bush together, and that they really were dangers is shown by the fact that on one occasion Mr. Lascelles with a timely shot stopped a charging elephant dangerously near the Prince, whose own rifle was unloaded at the time.

★ ★ ★

WITH these official friends are a few others from the small circle that enjoys the privilege of the King's personal intimacy. Since his accession nothing has given him greater pleasure than to find a week-end when he could pay a visit to one or another of these.

Among them, though they are not at present with the King, are the Earl of Dudley, Lord Sefton, and Lord Brownlow. When the King was Prince of Wales and Lord Dudley still Viscount Ednam, they were at Oxford together, and since then they have had many close associations. The King has frequently been the Earl's guest at Himley Hall in Worcestershire, which was lent to the Duke and Duchess of York for the first part of their honeymoon.

The King has also paid several visits to Abbeystead, the Lancashire seat of Lord Sefton, who has recently been appointed a Lord-in-Waiting. He is one of the King's bachelor friends, as also was Lord Brownlow until his marriage in 1927, an event that has done nothing to lessen an old and cherished friendship.

★ ★ ★

TWO other members of the Royal Household who have a special place in the King's friendly regard are Lord Wigram, who after a remarkable record of service under King George as Secretary, is now enjoying an agreeable seclusion at Windsor as Keeper of the King's Archives, and Major Mackenzie, the King's Commissioner at Balmoral.

I hear that His Majesty has given permission for these two friends to hunt the coverts at Balmoral while he is away, and also that they will use the dogs from the Windsor and Sandringham kennels. Some of these are the King's pets, but they have to do a job of work with the others, and all were sent to Scotland for the season before the King left London.

★ ★ ★

AS I said before in these notes, when the King himself gets to Balmoral after his cruise most of his shooting will be done with a camera!

Incidentally, I hear also that the King's horses have been moved from Windsor to London, three ponies alone remaining in the Windsor stables. Two of these are for the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, and the third is Jock, King George's favourite, which followed his master's coffin in the funeral procession, and is now a respected pensioner.

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PLAIN WORDS to Ribbentrop

by A. G. Gardiner

THE announcement that Herr Hitler is sending Herr von Ribbentrop to London as German Ambassador is a fact of immense significance. It has been received here with general satisfaction.

No one in that somewhat sinister circle of forces that surrounds Herr Hitler could be more acceptable to this country. Herr von Ribbentrop is an attractive and supremely intelligent man, with wide European connections, an intimate knowledge of this country and an equal familiarity with France. He is a close personal friend of Hitler, his chief adviser on foreign affairs, and it was he who negotiated the naval agreement with Britain last year.

In sending his right-hand man to London, the German Chancellor signifies his anxiety to establish good relations with this country, without unduly alarming France. It is true that the Paris Press sees in the appointment an attempt to detach Britain from France and to bring her into the orbit of Germany.

But that is an unreasonable fear since Herr von Ribbentrop has had closer connections with France even than with us, and if the policy he comes to promote is a policy of peace, that knowledge of the French mentality will be as invaluable in London as in Paris. If it is not a policy of peace it will certainly not bring us into the orbit of Germany.

LET us be perfectly frank with Herr von Ribbentrop. Let us make clear to him the grounds of our disquiet about Germany and the means by which that disquiet can be removed.

Let us remind him that Prince Lichnowsky came to London as Ambassador in 1913 with no less amiable character and intentions than his own, and was left in tears at the end because the powers behind him willed war while he was honestly seeking peace.

If Herr von Ribbentrop's ambassadorship is to have a happier issue than Lichnowsky's, Germany and her ambassador must mean the same thing and speak the same language.

What is the position that we face? Europe is plunging into war again as it plunged in 1914. Fear is everywhere and the red light signals danger from each point of the compass, from Danzig to Spain and from the Rhine to Athens. The gangster of Rome is abroad with his incendiary torch, and we do not know from day to day where the mine will be sprung that will engulf us all in ruin.

And the issue is more certainly with

Herr von Ribbentrop—"We look to him to tell us Hitler's intentions in regard to the peace of Europe"

Herr Hitler than with any other factor in this desperate crisis. It is with him, because an accommodation between the three great Western Powers, Germany, France and Britain, is the first essential to the maintenance of peace in Europe, and because the attitude of Germany towards that accommodation is still a mystery. That mystery Herr von Ribbentrop must clear away.

In the task of clearing it away he will encounter no hostility to Germany in this country. We have our defects, but we are not a nation that nurses old grudges and past enmities. We stand for democratic government, and loathe the dictatorship of Germany as we loathe the dictatorship of Italy and Russia. But Hitler's domestic policy is Germany's affair, not ours. It is not our business to go crusading about Europe setting other people's houses in order.

What we want to know, and what we look to Herr von Ribbertrop to tell us, is Hitler's intentions in regard to the reconciliation of Europe. It is the uncertainty on this point that is the main cause of the tension that prevails everywhere and threatens the world with another bath of blood.

The reasons for that uncertainty are open and palpable.

In three or four years Hitler has converted Germany into a military Power as formidable as she was in 1914. He has torn up the Versailles Treaty. He has quitted the League of Nations. He has walked out of the Disarmament Conference. He has repudiated the Locarno Treaty. In short, he has cut himself adrift from all co-operation with Europe in the pursuit of peace.

CAN Herr von Ribbentrop wonder that we watch Germany with gathering distrust?

No doubt he will say that it was the post-war policy of the Allies that was to blame, that the Peace of Versailles was a dictated peace which Germany was justified in defying as soon as she was able, that the League was an instrument of the victors, that the Disarmament Conference did not offer her equality of status—in short, that she was compelled to take the law into her own hands.

There is much truth in this. It was Poincaré's policy—"Hats off to France!" as Lord Rothermere used to say—which created Hitler's Germany, and dearly the world is paying for it.

But the question now is what Germany means to do with her recovered power. Is it to be used to re-establish the menace of Prussian militarism that was broken in 1918, or is it to be applied to building a just and enduring peace on the ruins of the "Peace" of Versailles?

The omens are not unhopeful. In all his major actions, such as withdrawing from the League and reoccupying the demilitarised zone, Hitler has avoided the truculence of Mussolini. He has not flouted the League nor rejected the idea of collective security.

His practice of springing surprises, delivering his blow before saying a word, is unnerving; but the blow is always within certain limits, and he never fails to offer more or less reasonable grounds for delivering it.

He has consistently declared his readiness to return to Geneva if the structure of the League is made more acceptable to Germany, and he has put forward proposals for a Western air pact which are deserving of attention, though we are left wondering at his incivility in not replying to the British questionnaire on the subject. Perhaps Herr von Ribbentrop will be able to explain away what looks, on the face of it, a calculated discourtesy.

But Hitler has done nothing definite to relieve the tension, and meanwhile the pace of the armaments race all over Europe quickens and the risk of a general catastrophe draws nearer.

Now Herr von Ribbentrop comes to us with knowledge "straight from the horse's mouth," as they say on the Turf. If anyone knows what is in Hitler's mind, he does, and it should be apparent not in words only but in action.

THE coming meeting of the Locarno Powers, at which he will represent Germany, should show decisively the way the wind is blowing in Berlin. If the issue of that conference is favourable it should go far to bring about the accommodation between France, Germany and England.

That accommodation should carry with it a pact for demilitarising the air and so securing the signatory nations from the horrors with which Mussolini has made us familiar in Abyssinia, and which his ally, Franco, is now inflicting on Spain. And it should pave the way for Germany's return to Geneva.

That is the acid test of Hitler's policy. Until he passes that test the world's suspicions will remain and the peril of general war will cast its shadow over Europe.

Let us hope that Herr von Ribbentrop's mission to London will help to disperse that shadow.

The Human Machine

FACE UP TO IT!

WHATEVER happens you are still a man. Whatever setbacks may come to you, whatever disasters may overtake you, whatever obstacles may confront you, you are still a man. And being a man you are the peak of the creation on this earth. You are the superior of any other created thing.

We don't hold on to that simple fact as firmly as we should. We don't pride ourselves sufficiently on it. We're not even conscious of it, for the most part. Yet its implications are terrific.

We should never know what fear is. We, being men, should never allow our bodies to take control of our minds—for that is what fear is. A mind that relies on itself cannot be afraid. It can only be afraid if it places reliance on something outside itself.

Once we get it well into our heads that we are the earth's superior beings we cannot fail to realise that security exists in ourselves—and nowhere else. Men cease to be afraid when they stand on their own feet, rely on themselves, and use other things and other people as allies—and not as props.

Realising what it means to be a man makes us the master of circumstances. We don't cringe and cower before changes of temperature—we take steps to guard ourselves against them, to defy them to do us harm.

Why should we cringe and cower before changing circumstances? They can only hurt us if we let them hurt us. We can learn to guard against their effects just as we guard against the effects of heat and cold.

Being men we cannot fail, unless we are willing to fail. Failure is a mental condition. A man is only beaten when he admits defeat. And why should a thinking, reasoning being admit defeat?

To acknowledge defeat is to admit a lack of the ability to fight, to stick a thing out, to "take it on the chin" and come up for more. Men can't fail. They can only be beaten—and they can only be beaten by being willing to admit defeat.

Anyone who once realises fully just what he is in the scheme of created things will begin to unleash powers of which he never previously dreamed.

Little Man

HE is just six years old, to be exact. His mother goes so far as to call him "a real little man, now."

But there has been a rather serious set-back in the young man's efforts to show how very grown-up he is. It happened one evening when the family got a little tired of the gramophone records they were playing, and mother asked if somebody couldn't get more.

He could, of course. He knew exactly where they were kept, and as for being afraid of the dark, why, he'd show 'em.

Forgive him for what followed, his search for the matches in the dark bedroom, his striking of just two or three to banish the spectres that children's brains envisage in every dark place.

So on with the music—until a smell of burning told dad that something serious was wrong upstairs, and an immediate investigation yielded the sad news that the bedroom was ablaze.

Most sorrowful of all the people who surveyed the damage was that little man of six. He heard how much it would cost to put things right—enough to fill both mum and dad with dismay.

At least, so it seemed until the postman brought a cheque from JOHN BULL which covered the damage, all because dad had been sensible enough to qualify for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme.

Just his signature was all we wanted on such a coupon as you will find to-day on page 4. Why not turn to it now, before you read another word, and give your own home the same protection?

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NAIL BITING. Free booklet, sent privately, for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Piltex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

The HERO who Shames England

"Perhaps the Ministry of Pensions' heart would soften if it saw, in the park, the war-wreck in a bathchair wheeled by his devoted wife"

PARALYSED as the result of shrapnel wounds, a totally disabled wreck of the Great War . . . you can see him any fine day sitting in a bath-chair in a park at Ealing, trying his t to smile as he watches the children dy at play.

'or he has little else to smile about. f ever an ex-soldier suffered at the nds of the Ministry of Pensions, surely is Arthur Russell, ex-private of the yal Fusiliers, ex-gardener, and now every-job for life. And, what is worse, disability pension is denied him.

He and his wife life in Waldemar enue, London, W.13, on the scant earn- s from domestic service of Mrs. ssell, a woman aged over fifty, frail, y-haired and sorrow-stricken.

She works near the park, and wheels invalid husband into it every fine . She leaves him in a sheltered spot, urns to her work, and later in the takes him home again.

Vain struggle

Throughout his agonising years of ill- ss and privation, during which he has en in and out of hospital, passing from tches to absolute helplessness in his thchair, she has stood by his side.

e story of her unavailing battle with e Ministry of Pensions is tragic indeed.

Arthur Russell had four years' experi- ce of war, and was first of all wounded Ypres in 1916, but, recovering, he was nt out to Solonica, whence, fol- ving dysentery, he returned to France d was wounded again.

Before he went to the war he was a e specimen of manhood. To-day he n do nothing without help. He has en to be assisted to and from the ble, into bed and out of it.

He went to the war from private ser- e, at Uxbridge, in Middlesex, and me back to private service with a lonel living in retirement at Farn- m, in Surrey. His wounded leg was rifle lame, but he hoped it would get tter in time.

The Colonel was very pleased with ssell's services, and, when the small disablement allowance which was made him in the first place lapsed, Russell was not in need of any help.

But he was not long in employment before his wounds began to trouble him, and, in spite of medical attention, he became too ill to work.

Colonel Roberts was the first to support Russell's claim for a war pension. And several doctors have urged unavailingly that his condition is entirely due to the shrapnel wounds he received. One panel doctor after another recommended him for special treatment, but the years went by without anything being done.

Four years after the war the final weekly allowance of 5s. 6d. that was made Russell was stopped. Six years after the war a piece of the nosecap of a shell was removed from his thigh by a private doctor.

Yet still the Ministry of Pensions insisted that the shattered man's condition was not due to war service!

Crowning blow

Unable to continue working for his living, Russell fell back on his national health insurance, while Mrs. Russell, to make ends meet, went out to daily work.

When it was essential that her husband should have crutches, she contributed her share to the cost, and when a bathchair became necessary she was again called upon to pay her share.

Russell was admitted to a voluntary hospital, and the surgeon found that his condition was due to the wounds he had received. But still the Ministry of Pensions declined to make any award.

Russell's panel doctor continued to certify him unfit, his certificate reading, "suffering from paresis of the muscles due to shrapnel wounds." Again the Ministry remained adamant.

A Harley Street specialist made an X-ray examination and found that a piece of shrapnel lay in Russell's body, close to the femur bone.

It was following this, ten years after the war, that the invalid ex-soldier was admitted to the war hospital at Roehampton, the Ministry meanwhile saying that no allowances could be made for Mrs. Russell!

That surely was the crowning blow to a woman fated to work, nurse and maintain a shattered husband! The Ministry sent a leaflet of instructions telling the crippled ex-soldier how to get to Roehampton, by rail, underground or 'bus, but it made no move whatsoever to send an ambulance.

Mrs. Russell scraped together the shillings necessary to take her husband to Roehampton by car. He was a patient there for seven weeks, and the doctors did all they could for him, but, short of a highly dangerous operation to amputate his limb, nothing could be done.

From Roehampton Russell went back to his wife, a pension still refused.

The piece of shrapnel that is the cause of paralysis is yet in his body, and his state of utter helplessness remains pitiable.

Russell was more recently admitted to Regent's Park Hospital, but the doctors there shook their heads over him, the house surgeon remarking to Mrs. Russell, "It is too late." As doubtless it is—far too late to restore the fine specimen of manhood that once was Private Arthur Russell, of the Royal Fusiliers, who served with the Machine Gun Corps in Flanders.

Worry-worn

But it is not too late to remove him from the stark shadow of poverty, nor is it too late to relieve his grey-haired wife, the gallant woman who has tended and nursed him through years of anxiety and sorrow.

Several influential people have already appealed on behalf of Russell, adding their weight to the expert opinions of private doctors.

So the Ministry of Pensions cannot plead ignorance of his case, nor can it in justice continue to withhold from him the pension for total disablement that is his due.

The Ministry is empowered to use its discretion in such a case, and exercise its discretion it must.

Perhaps its heart would soften if one of its officials took a look in the park at Ealing at that war-wreck in the bathchair watching the children at play.

And at that frail, work-and-worry-worn wife who wheels the invalid chair, herself no less a war victim than the paralysed husband she so devotedly tends.

5,000 PEOPLE Poisoned

SEVERAL weeks have passed since a grave water epidemic menaced the health of thousands of residents at tton, Cheam, Carshalton and other burbs on the Surrey side of London, d it is not in the least surprising that ere is to-day a growing demand for a blic enquiry.

Whether this demand will be granted not is open to doubt, but we most rongly suggest to Sir Kingsley Wood, e Minister of Health, that such an quiry should be undertaken at once.

The facts are that early in July the hole district of Carshalton, Sutton and allington was in the throes of a mys- rious malady. In every street families re stricken down with a mysterious ness which lasted for several days. nd invariably the illness was accom- nied by acute gastric pains in the domen, with considerable vomiting.

Some idea of the gravity of the situa- on was gained from the experience of e Carshalton resident who is one of any victims who had been interviewed a JOHN BULL representative.

"On Sunday, July 5th," he said, "my fe and I had been walking out and re- rned home in the evening. During e night my wife became ill with omiting and symptoms which sug- sted poisoning. . . .

"I spent the night nursing her, and e doctor I called prescribed medicine.

"When I returned home from work the Monday my wife was slightly tter, but at midnight I was taken seri- sly ill with symptoms similar to hers.

"I began to run a temperature, and had bad fever for three days. Then our doctor was also taken ill. After this, to our surprise, we found that our neighbours were suffering in the same way."

Naturally, the alarm spread. Doctors who had never before had so many calls had to work day and night. In some streets whole families were stricken.

Dr. F. L. Smith, the Medical Officer of Health for Carshalton, expressed the opinion that the cause of the outbreak was in an air-borne germ, and the subsequent suggestion that the water supply was the cause of the trouble was at first scouted by the manager of the Sutton Water Company, which supplies this area with water.

It was pointed out that the company's method of sterilising water, through chalk, made it impossible for germs to either enter or exist in the water supply.

Yet the report on the first samples of water taken on the 8th and 9th July stated that the water was unfit for drinking purposes.

Samples taken a day later showed that the water was still at fault.

Although countless people were by this time being taken ill, no attempt was made by the local authorities to warn the public of the grave danger which lay in their water taps. It is not therefore surprising that local councillors began to ask why the inhabitants of the district were allowed to go on using the water without being warned of its danger.

In due course the local Public Health Committee decided to issue a warning radio message.

When Sir Herbert Mellor, M.P., raised this scandal in the House of Commons, he put the following questions to the Minister of Health:—

"Is the Minister of Health aware that the Sutton Water Company knew of the existence of this pollution of the water on Wednesday, and on the following Saturday declared that the water was fit for use, in spite of the fact that it was proved by examination and analysis to be still impure?"

But Sir Richard got little satisfaction beyond the official explanation that the "occurrence" was "very regrettable."

In spite of the fact that no fewer than five thousand people have suffered in health through this epidemic, the Ministry of Health has decided that a formal enquiry was not considered necessary. It is because of this "hush-hush" policy on the part of the Ministry that we bring this serious matter to full public notice.

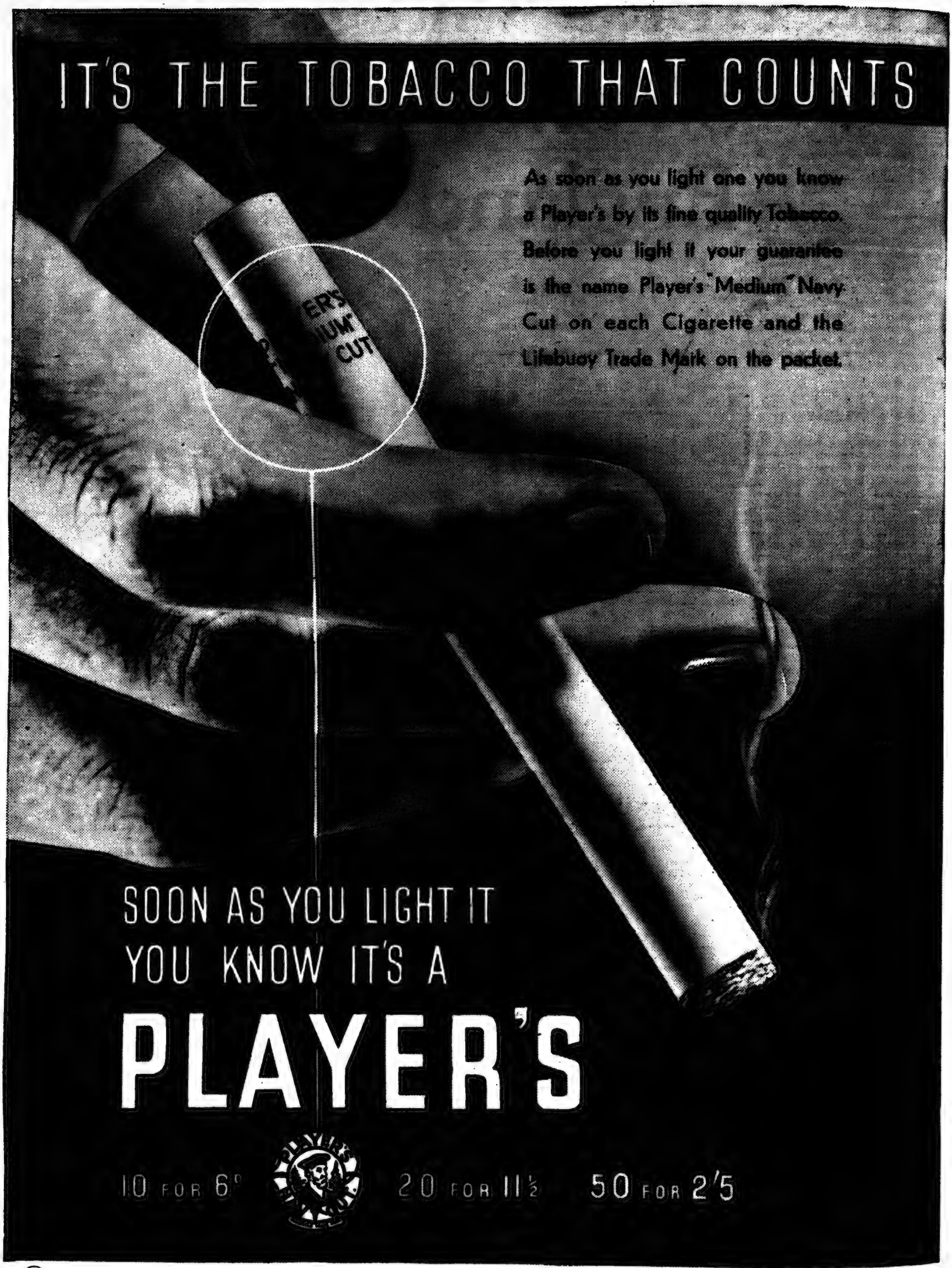
From the information at our disposal we have no hesitation in saying that a complete enquiry should be held at once.

* * *

The people of Carshalton, and its neighbouring districts, are naturally uneasy in their minds. Many of them have suffered badly in health, and, apart from paying bills, have lost wages through their illnesses.

Following our investigation, we learn that the Ministry of Health has requested that one well in the district should not be used. But this does not lessen the demand for an exhaustive enquiry.

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS



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N.C.C. 357. A.

Two Tots of Ten Banished for 'Theft'!

Explanations and admonition between mother and child was not allowed to close the matter (a film study)

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

I READILY admit that on the whole the Juvenile Courts established throughout this country are doing much good in dealing with young offenders.

They have no easy task, and it is not our purpose to make their task more difficult. But they are a new idea in British legal procedure, and it is well that publicity should be given their work.

Typical of the problems which have come to these courts is the case of three young girls—two only ten years old—who came recently before a Juvenile Court in the Midlands on a charge of theft.

Punished at home

The girls were playing in a working-class street, when their ball went through the open door of a house. They dashed into the passage of the house to retrieve the ball, and, as they did so, one of them caught sight of a woman's handbag lying open on a small table.

Mischief got the better of them. They delved into the bag, found three shillings and two rings, and capered off home gleefully with their "findings."

On the way home one of the girls met her mother, and at once eagerly displayed the rings, which she said they had had "found" in a house.

Naturally, the mother was not satisfied. She questioned her daughter further, and what she learned led her to restore the rings to the owner and to punish the child for her foolish deed, explaining at the same time that "findings" of this kind were "very wicked."

Then the parents of the other two girls heard of the escapade, and they also dealt out summary punishment to the young offenders.

There, in the ordinary way, one might have expected that the matter would end.

Unfortunately, the matter did not end there, for shortly afterwards the three girls, to the surprise of the parents, who had thought the incident closed, were summoned to appear before the Juvenile Court.

Sent away

Worse was to follow—for the parents of the two ten-year-old girls at least. These were ordered to be sent to the care of foster-mothers and may subsequently be transferred to approved schools; in fact, they may be taken from their homes for a period which may extend until they are eighteen years of age!

The third girl, whose mother had restored the stolen rings, was let off. Can it be wondered at that the parents of the other girls ask why their children should not have received the same lenient treatment?

One of the girls who have been sent away lived in a home that was clean and well kept.

There were two children, and both are well fed and well cared for. The parents are a respectable and hard-working couple.

"Although I go out to work part of the day, the children do not suffer in any way," said the mother to a member of our staff.

"A relative living near to me provides them with their mid-day meal, and takes good care of them.

"That my ten-year-old child should be sent away possibly until she reaches the age of eighteen seems to me to be a terrible punishment."

The case of the other ten-year-old offender is sad indeed. The girl undoubtedly lives in a slum, but the home is clean, the child well cared for, and the mother a respectable woman, whose husband has the misfortune to be unemployed.

"We have had misfortunes, but my daughter has a good home, although, as you see, we live in a slum," said this mother. "The fact that we are poor does not seem a good reason for taking my child away.

"Where my child is now, I don't know, and they won't tell me. I can only write to her through the local Education Office. They tell me that I shall have to wait until Christmas before I see her."

But not all this poor mother's tears will bring back the ten-year-old daughter. The Juvenile Court has decided "what is best" for these two ten-year-old children.

It is difficult sometimes to reconcile the decisions at these Juvenile Courts, as can be judged by the following cases which were heard in the same town.

A fifteen-year-old girl who found, hidden in a bedroom, a cash box in which were the savings of her sister who was about to get married, took the cash box into an outhouse in the garden and broke it open.

She was summoned for stealing £4 2s. belonging to her sister, and with her appeared two other girls, sisters, who were summoned for receiving in one case 11s. and the other £1, knowing the money to have been stolen.

They told the magistrates that they had gone on a works excursion and had spent the money enjoying themselves.

In this case the two sisters were ordered to refund the money and were put on probation for six months. The other girl was ordered to pay back £2 of the money she had stolen and was put on probation for twelve months.

Actually, the offence of these girls was at least as serious as that of the two ten-year-olds whose cases we have dealt with, and for which they have been banished from their homes.

In many instances children, guilty of no more than a childish prank, have been banished from their homes to approved schools or to the care of foster parents. Part of the harshness of the correction is often the distance to which they have been sent to places of exile.

Visits from relatives are permitted at regular intervals, but it is often impossible for working-class parents to find the money for fares to see their children who may be in an approved school a hundred miles or more away from their homes.

In some instances the banished children are allowed to write home only once a month, and the effect of such restrictions on the mind of a sensitive child can easily be imagined.

These things are happening under the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933, which although framed with the best intentions by our legislators sometimes has wrenched the heartstrings of worthy parents.

That there are good aspects of the Act and that good work is done by the Juvenile Courts is not to be denied, but our concern is with the punishments sometimes meted out to children.

Powerless

In too many instances parents are robbed of their rights concerning the care and control of their children. A child found guilty of a trivial offence can be exiled from its home by the decision of a Juvenile Court, and the parents are powerless to interfere.

The Act is framed, not so much to punish, as to help childish offenders. And courts are concerned not only with offences but also with the home conditions of the children brought before them.

It is only too true that many children are better away from their home influence; but these cases are few.

To banish children from the homes of their parents for periods which may extend to years is a form of "sentence" to be ordered only with the greatest reluctance.

The meeting to preserve part of St. John's Wood for working-class houses, referred to in our issue of August 8, was organised by Mr. Heys, of the Committee for Promoting Working Class Housing in that area, and not by the St. John's Wood Tenants' Defence League, though these two bodies are working in co-operation.

A 'Curious' Collector

A "COLLECTOR" of antique glassware, who combines with this interesting hobby a passion for photography, is touring the country with remarkable success.

He is travelling about—so far as the latest information goes—in a fast sports motor car, in company with an attractive, black-haired young woman.

We find this man first of all in London securing possession from a curio dealer of a set of valuable cut glass decanters. The story he told was so convincing that he was permitted to take the articles away on payment by means of a cheque, drawn on the National Bank. Unfortunately for the tradesman the cheque was a bogus one.

* * *

After that, this same fellow is making holiday with his friend at Skegness, staying at a popular hotel. He needs an expensive camera, and buys one from a local dealer. Again a cheque is tendered, and it is arranged that when the cheque is cleared the camera shall be delivered to the hotel.

Next day, however, the young woman calls at the shop and persuades the dealer to lend the camera for a short period. That was the last the dealer saw of his camera. The cheque, drawn on a South London branch of Barclays Bank, was returned marked "No account." The couple absconded from their hotel, leaving behind them a locked suit-case packed with hay and stones.

Variations of this kind of trick to obtain valuable glass and cameras have been practised in several towns.

The principal offender is the man, whose real name is Albert William Cloude, is aged twenty-five, and by trade is an electrical engineer. He is well educated, but his record is an unsavoury one, with convictions for larceny and fraud. Among other things he is suspected of stealing motor cars left temporarily unattended in garages.

The police of half a dozen districts would be glad to find him and curtail his activities.

We give these particulars of this rogue as a safeguard to garage proprietors and traders. He may operate anywhere.

• *Write to* JOHN BULL *About it!*

MONEY

WHEN is a dole not a dole? Answer: When it's a subsidy.

There was an item of news the other day which brings the point home. The Lancashire cotton magnates who refused to put money back into modernising their businesses during the boom years, and who have now been beaten in the world markets, are to have their futures made secure by a Government Bill for buying up derelict cotton spindles.

They need not give up a car or a cigar. Mr Baldwin is heartbroken at their plight. So they are to be plentifully rewarded for being vanquished at their own trade.

But the operatives who will be thrown on the streets when those spindles are bought up—what happens to them?

When this new cotton subsidy was being discussed just before the House rose for the holidays it was suggested that these operatives should also be compensated, as well as the bosses. The sum mentioned amounted to a few weeks' pay per worker.

But the Solicitor-General denounced the suggestion as outrageous. This compensation to the worker was described on his side of the House as a "dole" And that was enough. The test to be applied to *their* "economic condition" will be the Means Test. *Their* compensation will come from the Public Assistance Committees.

This latest form of subsidy to the cotton industry has not had the public attention that it might. Partly because the Government doesn't call it a subsidy. It calls it "compensation."

Colossal racket

For in the last year or two, faced with the growing alarm throughout the country at the squandermania career of the Government, it has grown wary of the word. It has invented others like "advances," "preferential levies," "deficiency payments," and "quota aids." It has become adept at camouflaging the word, at "cooking the books" of the Budget, so that subsidies appear therein as something else, such as derating, or export credits.

It is easy to understand the necessity for all this concealment. For in this colossal subsidy racket which the National Government has built up during its term of office we have one of the gravest of national scandals.

The facts speak for themselves. First of all there is the total amount itself which has been paid out by the Government in various forms of subsidy. To date it comes to nearly £500 millions.

That figure is frightening enough; but the real alarm comes when we examine the type of industry which has been receiving these golden benefits, when we ask what has been done with the money. Who has got it in the end and who has paid?

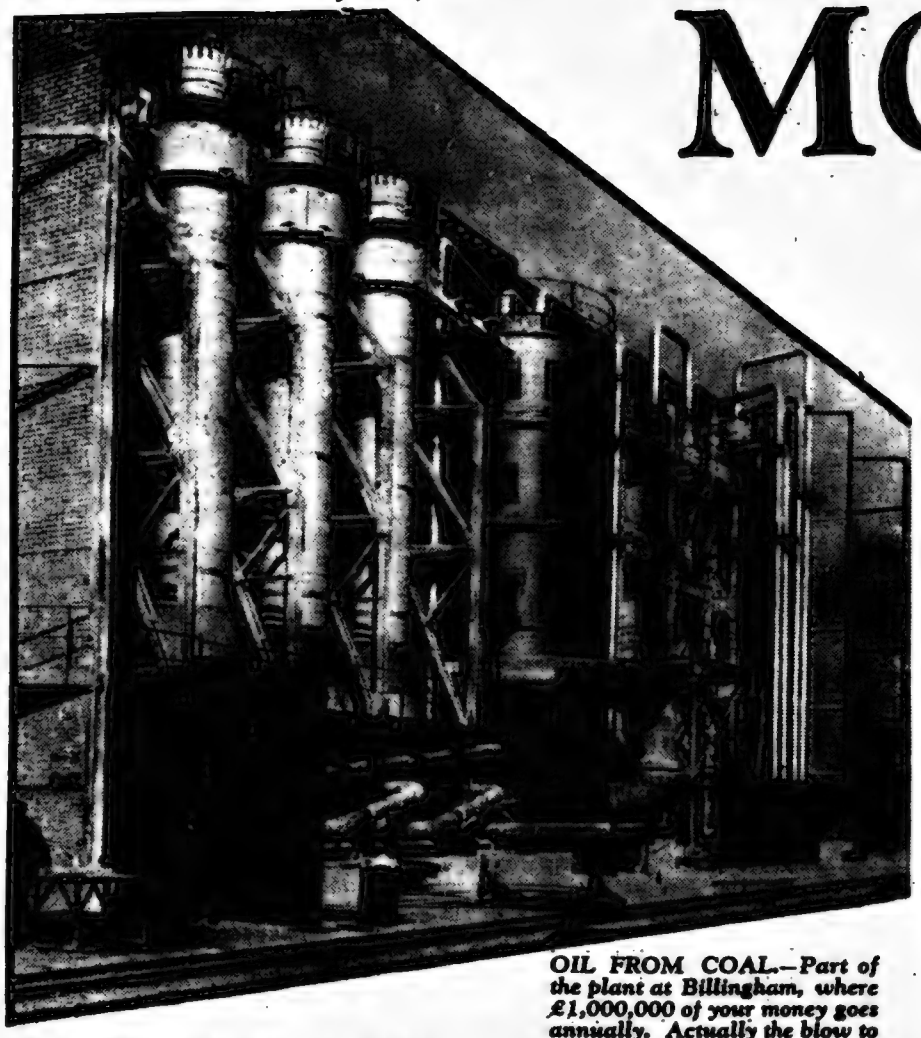
Let us begin with the biggest pensioner—agriculture.

Direct assistance to agriculture in the form of various subsidies now amounts, according to figures given by Dr. Venn at the last meeting of the British Association, to £33,750,000 a year.

With indirect assistance in the shape of increased selling prices of produce (due to Empire tariffs and quotas) the figure comes to over £60 millions, *or roughly the whole amount of wages now being paid to agricultural labour.*

In other words, the farmer is as well off as if he paid no wages at all for labour; and the State would be far better off if it put all agricultural workers on the "dole"!

The subsidies given to agriculture



OIL FROM COAL.—Part of the plant at Billingham, where £1,000,000 of your money goes annually. Actually the blow to taxpayers is heavier than that, for revenue from imported petrol drops because of this Government assistance

are worth examining in detail. First, there are the "deficiency payments" on wheat, which absorb over £7,000,000 of the total. This subsidy came into being in 1932 (£28,000,000 paid out since then), and it works in a mysterious and complicated way.

The Wheat Commission administers it. You won't find detailed financial accounts of it in Budget documents, but, briefly and simply, it guarantees the farmer 10s. a cwt. for his wheat—no matter what price he sells it at. The Government makes up the difference to him.

Where does this "difference" (of £7,000,000 a year) come from? It comes from you.

The Exchequer raises the money by imposing a tax on all flour milled and on imported foreign flour. The miller and importer promptly pass the price on to you.

In 1932, when the wheat subsidy started, the price of a quartern loaf was 7d. Even before the recent market gambling started it had reached 8d.—simply because of the subsidy.

Who gets this "difference"? In the final issue the owners of farming land get it. Their rents are guaranteed, their income is safeguarded. This and other subsidies are methods the Government has devised for "making it up" to the landowner for the taxation it must put upon him.

"Spies" Out

A secret, underhand way. It is also political bribery on an enormous scale. The landowners control the rural constituencies. It is these constituencies which keep the Government in office and any other out.

Incidentally, many farmers have merely seen in this "easy money" more opportunities for fraud. Mr. Elliot has had "spies" out for a year investigating dozens of allegations that farmers have sold their crop several times over and drawn several "differences." Prosecutions are pending all over the country.

Milk, bacon and beef collect between £6 and £7 millions in subsidies and "advances." Again you pay this money either directly, as in the case of milk, where the minimum price was raised, or indirectly, by duties on the imported bacon and cattle.

Farce and tragedy mixed have surrounded the working of these three subsidies. When prices went up the farmer threw every drop of milk and every pig that could walk or be carried into the markets. So there was a glut.

Surplus milk that could go cheaply to poor children went down drains or into milk factories which already had more than enough to deal with. The Pig Board lost money which, of course, the Government made up to it in half millions at a time from *your* pocket.

Who gets it?

Another form of subsidy for the farmer was derating—£15,000,000 a year. The money comes from the pocket of the general taxpayer.

Last, and worst, of the agricultural subsidies is that for sugar beet. To date it has put about £45,000,000 into the pockets of various land owning and factory interests. It is to go on for ever at the rate of £3,000,000 a year.

The Greene Committee, which was set up to investigate the sugar beet position after even the Tory Party had revolted against the outpouring of money, stated in its report:

"We are unable to find positive justification for the expenditure of several millions per annum *on an industry which has no reasonable prospects of ever becoming self-supporting*, and on the production of a crop which, without that assistance, would be practically valueless."

But all the Government has done is to merge the existing sixteen companies into a National Corporation. It gives the Corporation a monopoly of the spending of the money and refuses to have anything to do with controlling sugar prices. Could generosity with the public's money go farther?

First result of the White Paper announcing the mergers was a rise in the share prices of many of the companies. One rose nearly 100 per cent. from the year before—to 31s. from 18s.

Who gets the beet subsidy money? Who controls what the *Economist* recently described as "this fortunate industry which is to be dole-fed to the crack of doom"?

The biggest group of the three which control the industry—one capitalised at nearly £2,000,000—is called the Anglo-Dutch group. Two-thirds of its capital is held by Dutch firms and foreign bankers.

Who pays for it and the future beet subsidy? You, of course. The money is to be found by various levies on consumers which amount to a farthing a pound on sugar.

Nobody would object to subsidies that brought the taxpayer a reasonable return. But who has benefited from the agricultural subsidies (which have been created on the excuse that they would help employment) except the big land and factory owners and the middlemen? Has the farmer benefited? Last year farmers' bankruptcies reached an all-time record. Has the landworker? Last year there were 56,000 fewer men on the land than in 1930. Wages have not advanced.

As to the sugar beet industry, which has swallowed £45,000,000, the number of men employed permanently in the factories is only just over 2,000 An additional 6,000 are employed temporarily for four months a year.

Work it out on the basis of the average subsidy payments over the last ten years and you will find that the country has been paying £100 per worker each year, just to keep him employed. The average wage level in agriculture is between £78 and £80 a year.

SHIPPING. *industry r* £12,000,00 "Queen (shown here built) alon coastin £3,000,000 the compan pay dividi

...for JAM —and You Pay!

£500,000,000 Goes down the Drain

HIPPING.—This industry received £12,000,000, the "Queen Mary" shown here being built) alone accounting for £3,000,000. Yet the companies still pay dividends!

What's next after agriculture to cash in on the subsidy racket?—coal. The coal industry has had £30,000,000 out of the National Government in various subsidies.

Has the miner had any of that money in extra wages?

His unions are this September asking again for the few pence extra per shift which they were demanding years ago. Whole towns and villages in South Wales and the North are derelict, and thousands have never worked since the subsidies began. The Government gives far more a year in subsidy doles to the coalowners than the total commitments of the Special Commissioners for the Distressed Areas, which are only just over £2,000,000.

Besides the subsidy various import restrictions were slapped on to help the owner still further. The net effect of this was to make the householder pay the subsidy in higher prices.

The effect of the coal import restrictions was to make the shipping magnates lay up their ships (because our carrying trade is built on coal) and come crying to the Government that they were bound for the workhouse. So another outlet for subsidies was opened up. The shipowners must have a bit.

They did. They had £12,000,000 altogether. The Tramp Shipping Bill gives them a steady £2,000,000. And among the new and added gifts is £1,000,000 offered to shipowners under the "scrap and build" scheme and the £3,000,000 "assistance" given to the *Queen Mary*. A further £5,000,000 is promised for the sister ship.

The Tramp Shipping Subsidy and the "scrap and build" scheme, which authorises loans up to £10,000,000, came into being in 1934. The excuse for it, according to Mr. Runciman, was that few of the cargo companies were covering running expenses, and that "*fewer still are able to make necessary provision for replacing their ships as they become out of date.*"

Yet in that same year the tramp lines paid dividends of more than £200,000. In the ten years before the British cargo companies showed total net profits of over £20,000,000. None of them had shown a net loss in all that time.

Why could they not have made the "necessary provision for replacing their ships" while they were making all that money? Why come and milk the taxpayer's pocket for the money?

For, again, you pay the shipping subsidies, too. The only difference between it and others is that it is more honest. It is a direct charge. And since the money expended appears clearly on the nation's balance sheets, it is a possible reason why this subsidy, so far, has been kept within reasonable bounds.

To find out who gets the shipping subsidy money you will have to look down the directorate lists of some of the big shipping companies—there, or else on the floor of the Stock Exchange. In one day recently the shares of John Brown and Company went up by £450,000 on the news that the Chancellor had agreed that work on the *Queen Mary's* sister ship could go ahead.

On the worker's side of the medal there may be a few more brighter faces along Clydeside, but the lines of unemployed officers, sailors and firemen are just as long outside the shipping offices and dockside streets of Britain's other ports.

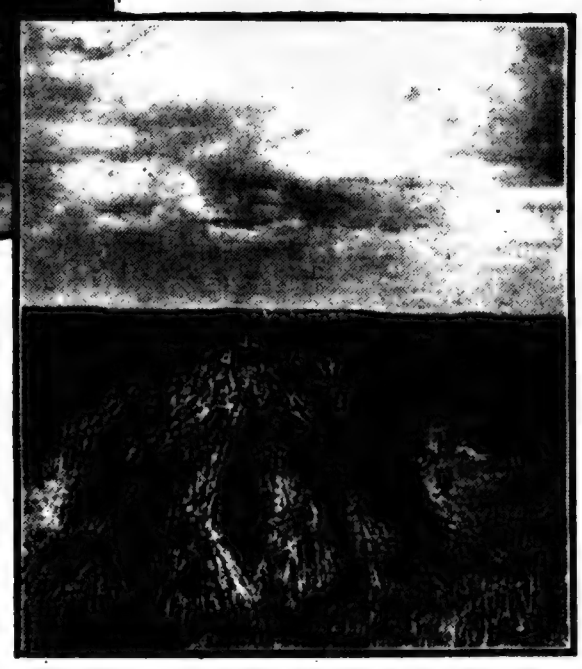
Least to be defended, because it is to be spent on the most wasteful of all forms of human endeavour, is the projected subsidy for the armaments producers. The Government has made no precise statement of the amount yet, but it is expected to run into about £5,000,000 as a beginning.

That subsidy is coming along. The Federation of British Industries told the Government in a statement of policy issued some time ago that the manufacturers wanted the subsidy and meant to have it. The Government was also told in as many words that the producers would decide themselves how they would spend it and would tolerate no interference.

Subsidies for war already exist in many concealed forms. £1,000,000 a year goes to guarantee the success of the oil-from-coal distillation, which Imperial Chemical Industries has started at Billingham-on-Tees.

This subsidy is in the form of a preference on I.C.I.'s petrol and the maintenance of a high tax level on imported petrol for a number of years. The effect is that the revenue loses a million a year so that the Billingham plant can be kept working as a supply source for the Fleet. It cannot produce at anything like the price of imported petrol.

It is typical, however, of the Government's mentality in handing out subsidies that one of the industries which from the angle of national progress should receive ample support gets the least. And that is civil aviation. Excluding the grant to Imperial Airways, civil aviation gets only a mere £1,500,000 maximum. Perhaps there are not enough of the "big boys" in the industry yet. It has never shown any hope of big profits.



SUGAR BEET.—£45,000,000 is the cost of this industry to your pocket—so far. The men shown stacking sacks of beet each cost you £100 a year, it is estimated

WHEAT has cost £28,000,000 in four years because the farmer is guaranted a price, irrespective of market value!

Disastrous

There are plenty similar contrasts when we delve deeper into the subsidy racket. Compare, for instance, the £14,000,000 a year subsidy given to the brewers in the form of tax remissions, and the beggarly £35,000 which the Government has reluctantly disgorged to help the herring industry.

The real jam in the subsidies is in those concealed forms like the brewers' tax remissions. As often as not they cannot be traced to any particular industry. But they can to a particular class. For instance, there is the £140,000,000 which has been handed over to the landlords and capitalists under the Derating Scheme during the past four years.

It has long been known and demonstrated that State subsidies to industry are pernicious and disastrous from the standpoint of a nation's economy. And nobody is going to pretend that this country is the only one to fall into that error.

But at least most other countries carry out subsidies differently. Only Britain hands out the public's money to capitalism *ad lib.* and without apparent enquiry or control.

President Roosevelt, for example, has decided to advance £200,000,000 to revive dying American shipping. But he has appointed a Committee of Five to supervise the spending of that money and account for every penny.

Political bribery

He has put a "stop" order on Stock Exchange gambling in the shares of shipping companies who come into the subsidy, and they will not be allowed to make more than 10 per cent. profit on their working. The excess comes back to the Treasury, with interest on the subsidy. Every penny of it must be spent in America.

We need some of that "Roosevelt action" here. For it is now abundantly clear that our own Government sees subsidies in only one light. They are useful as political bribery; they make life safe for the great vested interests and recompense them for any fiscal hardships they are compelled to undergo. And, finally, subsidies are a device whereby the capitalist and middleman can maintain his present state, rig markets, restrict production, raise prices, and raid the general public's pocket to his heart's content.

How long must we endure a racket which is carried on for the benefit of the few at the expense of the great majority?

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Beginning the Amazing Diary of a Bomber . .

AIR

by

Thomas Wewage-Smith

The only Englishman to serve as an air fighter in the Chaco's "Green Hell" during the recent war between Bolivia and Paraguay. He fought for Bolivia as a mercenary, and for his conspicuous flying service he was made an officer of the Order of the Condor of the Andes, a decoration rarely bestowed upon any man below the rank of Colonel. The story of his personal adventures and the murderous fighting in the "Green Hell" presents a grimly significant picture of modern aerial warfare.

"My finger tightened on the trigger . . . the enemy plane began to spin, down and down . . ."

THE war between Bolivia and Paraguay was no affair of mine, and I didn't so much "join up" as "gate crash" my way into the Chaco. I went out to Bolivia as a soldier of fortune and I bombed the Paraguayans because they became "the enemy" and that was the job I was paid to do.

Nobody could have been more "civilian" than I was when I left London and nobody more "military" than I became a few months later.

Men's characters don't change, but only their circumstances. At one moment I was a most peaceable tradesman; then, suddenly, I was a paid fighter.

There was no clear moment of transition. Here I am in London once more prosaically selling English goods to an orderly English crowd. I find myself suddenly breaking off in the middle of a neat "sales talk," and there I am, thousands of miles away, circling over a vague map-target above that terrible green sea of forest and undergrowth which was called the Chaco.

« « «

Let me give you a little close-up of that grim life before I tell how I came to be involved in it. It will heighten the effect of the contrast.

Picture me and my fellow pilot returning from a bombing raid. We had dropped most of our "eggs" when we ran suddenly into thick clouds. We turned and turned in a climbing bank and spiralled up into the blue skies at last.

We swung round in ever-widening circles trying to find our own bearings and to locate our comrades. There was nothing visible above that silver-grey sea, and at last we streaked away by compass bearings towards our own aerodrome.

We were ninety miles on the far side of the enemy lines—ninety miles of constant alertness and of eye-strain.

At last we estimated that we had crossed the line. Suarez, my co-pilot, swung round at me with that devil-may-care look in his eyes which was always his challenge when danger had passed.

I laughed a response, when suddenly—unmistakably out of that vivid blue—there came to us the tat-tat-tat of a machine-gun, that peculiar, flat staccato which can only just be heard above the roar of one's own engine.

One kick on the rudder and we were in a tight turn. It is dangerous to fly straight ahead with an enemy on your tail. I looked from left to right as we banked, and from the ceiling to the floor.

At last I saw them—two Paraguayan Potez two-seaters, close on our tail, dancing up and down like marionettes on a loose thread. They seemed to stand still, but they were rushing forward at our own speed.

"Gordo," our Indian mechanic, funny and faithful and very frightened, opened up on the enemy with our rear gun in one continuous burst that went on and on. He should have fired in bursts of ten shots, but he finished the whole "can" in one go.

The Potez had the legs of us for speed. We zig-zagged, but we could not shake them off. We turned and twisted. Suddenly we were standing on one wing and the whole earth was circling madly round my right ear. The clouds swung by like a twirling back-cloth.

Suarez straightened up at the critical moment and swung the rudder over hard opposite. It brought one of the Paraguayan Potez two-seaters right in front of us, but a little to the left. As we swung, the enemy machine moved into the centre circle of my sight—flying dead away, a no-deflection shot.

Some swift message from my brain to my fingers compelled them to tighten on the trigger. The flat "tap-tap-tap" of machine-gun fire grew suddenly more strident as it came from our own forward gun.

We were near enough to register every detail of the enemy machine and its occupants. I noticed the anxious, jerky turn of the pilot's head—the white flash of his face and goggles and gleaming teeth.

I saw the observer, straining to pull his ring around and bring his guns to bear. Then our own "tat-tat-tat" sounded again in a crescendo. Our cockpit was full of smoke and my nostrils were tingling with the dry, acrid smell of machine-guns in action.

I could see the Paraguayan observer double gently over his own gun as though he were trying to kiss it "good-bye." Then, after a second or two, the Potez fell off on one wing, started a slow turn with its nose downwards, and then began to spin, faster and faster; down and down. . . .

I saw them hit the ground in a cloud of dust. We searched for the other fellow and could not find him. He was winging his way back to the Paraguayan lines and to the saddest of all flying duties—the reporting to his friends and his own squadron of a lost companion. . . .

All this I remember as if it were yesterday. And yet, no less clearly, I recall that idle, kindly English summer, when the quiet days slid by in a dream of happiness.

« « «

To begin with, I quarrelled with the woman I loved. We had been wildly happy together. Then she found out about another girl, who mattered so little—to me—that I can't even remember what she looked like. My own girl couldn't believe that. She said that she could never trust me again.

This was in London in the summer of 1934. My life seemed smashed up without this woman I loved. I walked down the Strand one evening, stopped suddenly, and laughed at myself. I was managing a shop at the time and it struck me as devilish funny.

Barring business, the only other job I understood was flying. So I decided there and then to go out to the Chaco and fight for either side that would have me. A man only lives once and, when

MERCENARY

has lost his girl, a small business job
ms to take too much time out of life.
A few months later I was in Bolivian
form dropping bombs on Paraguayan
antry—"Pilas," we called them, a
traction of the Spanish word which
ans "bare-foot." The bulk of the
my infantry were native Indians and
e no boots. "Pilas" was a term of
tempt, like *sans coulottes* in the
nch Revolution.
Barring the boots, though, there was
cious little to choose between the
annon fodder" on one side or the
er. Our men were mostly Indians,
and many of them of the same race
their Paraguayan "enemies."
They fought with dumb bravery under
nish officers and they hadn't the
ntest idea what the war was about.
knew, as all the civilised world
w, too, that it was about oil and
hing else that mattered. Until I
ed my contract at the Ministry of
r in La Paz, I didn't care a tinker's
se which side won.
ll I wanted to do was to earn my
. and I suppose that is the way that
rcenaries have always looked upon
ir trade.
My father, an officer in a Scottish
iment, was killed in the Great War.
as a little boy at the time and I can
member him as looking rather splen-
in uniform.
After his death my mother took me out to South Africa, where we had relatives, and I was educated at King Edward's College, Johannesburg. We came back to England when I left school, and at seventeen I was beginning to earn my living in London.

Ordinary work makes a good enough background to life. I was always in love with one girl or another and I was keen on games. In 1928, though, I felt that work and girls and games weren't quite enough, and so I joined the Auxiliary Air Force.

I took my first flying certificate at the old Stag Lane Aerodrome at Hendon. Amy Johnson (Mrs. Mollison) was doing her ground engineer stuff there at the time. I met her, but I never paid much attention to her.

She worked very hard and wasn't the sort of girl then that one was particularly likely to notice. That's the kind of youngster who makes a good flyer.

When I had done about fifty hours of solo flying I deserted from the 601st Squadron. That's what it amounted to, in fact, although technically I was merely absent without leave.

« « «

During this absence I served in the French Foreign Legion. It was because of a girl that I became a Legionary, and it was thanks to a sweet old lady that I wangled my discharge later.

It was lucky for me, when I returned to England, that Lord Edward Grosvenor, then commanding my squadron, had once been a Legionary himself; otherwise I don't suppose this incident would have been dismissed so lightly.

I learned a good many things in the Legion. One of them was the importance of keeping out of the infantry. And I never enjoyed flying so much as I did after I had sampled foot-slogging with a full pack.

All told, I must have done some 200 hours' flying as pilot or observer when I was picked as one of our team for the Esher Trophy. This is the biggest bombing prize in Great Britain. It is competed for annually, generally by about ten teams, with three 'planes to each team. We won it, and that helped me a great deal when I decided to go to the Chaco.

Bolivia or Paraguay—it was all the same to me; but I had an influential friend who knew people at the Bolivian Ministry. So Bolivia it was. I was given an introduction to Don Carlos Aramayo, the Minister himself, and I explained, cautiously, what was in my mind.

One of his *charges d'affaires* gave me letters of introduction to two Cabinet Ministers in La Paz.

"You are thinking of travelling in my country, Señor? *Bueno!* You have your reasons, no doubt, and I do not wish to know them. But a British passport is essential."

After that it was callow of me to apply to Whitehall for a passport and explain that I wanted to fight for Bolivia. The application was naturally refused.

I had never previously heard of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which was passed in 1870 to prevent any stray Englishmen from wandering into other people's wars.

Our Foreign Office has no liking for soldiers of fortune. If they all got killed it wouldn't matter so much, but some of them don't and now and again one of them may put up a spectacular performance very embarrassing to the officials of a neutral Government.

Realising all this rather late in the day, I shaved off my moustache, had some new photographs taken, and applied anew for a passport in the slightly shaven name of "Thomas Smith."

"Mr. T. Smith" was contemplating a little foreign holiday, and he received his passport, with visas, for most European countries, but nothing else. He had not thought it prudent to say anything about South America.

Armed with this precious but somewhat inadequate document, I booked my passage to Mollendo, on the *Alkmaar*, a comfortable Dutch freighter of 12,000 tons, and left London in June of 1934 with a total cash reserve of £23, two letters of introduction and a feeling that I didn't care a damn if it snowed.

We dropped anchor at Mollendo on August 3, but it was not until the fateful thirteenth of the same month that I cursed and threatened and cajoled a *visa* out of the Bolivian Consul at Arequipa and entrained at last for La Paz.

There were no flags out for me when I arrived in the Bolivian capital. I wasn't expecting any, but I hoped there might be someone to whom I had written to meet me at the station.

There was not, but it is part of my philosophy to put a bold front on everything, and so I drove to the Hotel de Paris, the best in La Paz, and there booked a two-room-and-bathroom suite at ten pounds a week English, and a prodigious figure in local currency.

I hoped I should click for my flying job before the week was out because my money was down to a total of twelve pounds.

Bright and early next morning I called at the War Ministry with my letters of introduction. They were splendid letters but rather wasted for the immediate purpose, because the two Ministers to whom they were addressed had been thrown out of office forty-eight hours previously.

Things like that happen rather frequently in South American Republics. One of my Ministers had retired discreetly to his country estate; the other (Señor Echenique), with rare courage, had joined up as a plain "Tommy" to fight shoulder to shoulder with the native troops—a piece of quixotic gallantry only to be appreciated after visiting the trenches.

« « «

Bolivia at that time had little cause to love Europeans, and still less to trust any foreign soldier of fortune. The war in the Chaco was going very badly for Bolivia. General Kundt, a German who put his faith in the tactics of the Western Front in a land suited only to guerilla warfare, had recently lost his last battle at a cost of 30,000 Bolivian troops killed or captured.

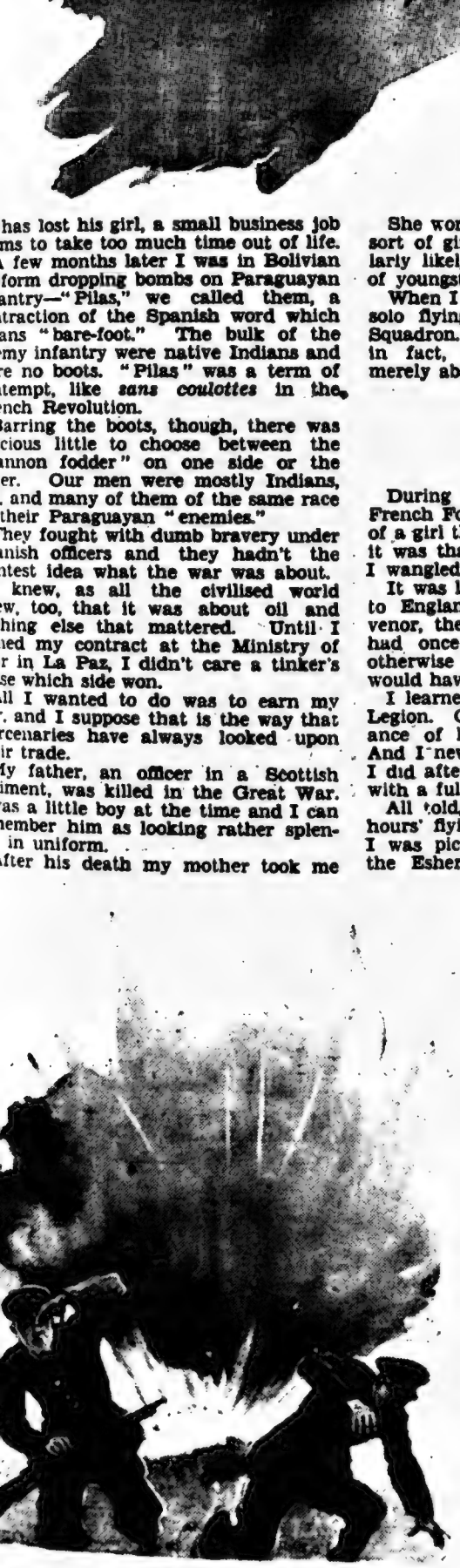
The general was "sacked" forthwith, but the "Pilas" were attacking all along the front, and I gathered that the situation was pretty grim.

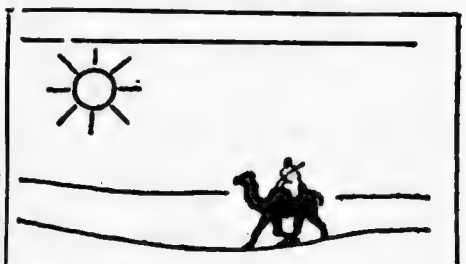
Apart from this, the Bolivians' only European flying man, also a German, had been discovered by his pilot dropping photographs of their own positions over the enemy lines.

He was a prisoner at the time of my arrival in La Paz, but whether he was shot as a spy or not I do not know. I hoped he would be.

The Hotel de Paris had the admirable custom of sending in its bills only once a month. I was still a civilian at the end of three weeks, hating it and very nervous about the day of reckoning. Then I had a marvellous stroke of luck.

(*Continued overleaf.*)





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INTO THE 'GREEN HELL'

(continuing "Air Mercenary")

I ran into Cliff Travers, test pilot of the Curtis-Wright Company, who was in La Paz to deliver and test a batch of seven Curtis Hawks and Falcons which the Government had just purchased.

We took a liking to each other at once. He introduced me to Colonel Jordan, Chief of the Bolivian Air Force, who had just left the front to take delivery of these Curtis machines, and, after that, my letters of introduction went straight through to Ministers in Office, and the trick was turned.

I learned, much later on, that various high Bolivian authorities were under the impression that the Esher Trophy was the Schneider Cup! It may have given them the entirely mistaken notion that I was one of the world's speed aces. Beyond doubt it helped me into a gorgeous uniform and a peculiar contract.

I "signed on"—if that's the right term—for a year's service, subject to complete military discipline. I was made a full Lieutenant immediately with pay of 500 Pesos a month in the field and a further 250 Pesos—credited to me in sterling at the *official* rate of exchange—in La Paz.

This last clause was important, because Pesos were twenty to the pound officially, but a hundred and twenty to the pound if you had real pound notes to change!

NEXT WEEK: ***The author describes the thrill—and horrors—of his first bombing raid over the enemy lines. He is seen here, with a comrade, resting on some of the ammunition behind the Bolivian lines***

The standard pay of a Bolivian "teniente" in the air force was only 500 pesos a month all told. I got that, plus a monthly credit of £12 10s. in La Paz, which was really worth about 1,500 pesos.

Bolivia also agreed, should the necessity unfortunately arise, to bury me decently, if there were anything left to bury, and to pay a year's salary, all at the official exchange, to the person named in my will.

I named the woman I loved and found a lot of melancholy satisfaction in the thought of such a final message from me to her.

Two days after signing this contract I set out for the Chaco. The train journey to the railhead was much enlivened by the company of Major Higgins, retired from the United States Army and now Honorary Lieutenant Colonel among the Bolivians.

The Chaco is officially "dry," but Higgins travelled with several cases marked "Instruments: Handle with Care." These cases contained admirable whisky, and he and I and the other officers in the Pullman handled two of them with the greatest care until we threw the empties out of the window.

Major Higgins was the official representative of the American Armament Corporation of New York. He was in Bolivia solely to sell aeroplanes, guns, rifles, mortars and what-have-you as a business proposition. In fact, everybody was doing it—a sweet business!

Just before my arrival Higgins had sold a job lot of twenty million rounds of rifle ammunition originally intended for Greece. These cartridges were the ordinary Continental calibre of 7.65 millimetres, but Higgins explained cheerfully that the Greeks, owing to their friendly relations with Great Britain, had recently changed over to our own 303's.

That meant more business, I suppose, for our munitions firms, and the original cartridges did very well for shooting "Pilas."

I am not in the least squeamish about this sort of thing, but, on the whole, it seems a shade more sporting to fight for money than to sell guns for profit. However, Higgins was only one of many and he was a dashed good fellow.

Vickers had a representative in La Paz, Major Briggs, whom I met and who sold the Bolivians a lot of artillery, sixty-fives, seventy-fives and hundred-and-fives.

They had a small arsenal in La Paz with half a dozen English mechanics supervising artillery repairs. And out at the front we used hundreds of Vickers machine guns. The big French armament people—Stoke-Brandt—were also trading pretty actively.

The troop train took us in forty-eight hours from La Paz to Villazon, 12,000 feet above sea level on the Bolivian-Argentine border.

In La Paz I had tried out my magnificent uniform of field grey, very Hunnish, with a splendid cloak, but in the train I wore the service uniform—khaki drill, khaki shirt and tie, breeches and boots, Sam Browne and peaked cap—very like our own Air Force kit, barring the boots instead of puttees.

Villazon is the railhead. I was lucky enough to do the road journey down to Villa Montes in Major Higgins' car—he was going to the front to look at some "goods" reported defective—and what that journey would have been like in a lorry I just hate to think.

Villazon is high and arid, but Villa Montes is practically at sea level in the Chaco itself. I could measure that tremendous descent by the hourly increase of heat.

It felt like a hothouse when we reached the plains and took the road through the green sea of trees and close undergrowth to Villa Montes, the biggest town in the Chaco and our only decent aerodrome.

Incidentally Villa Montes was the only Bolivian stronghold on that front which never fell to the enemy. From my point of view it would never have been worth the taking. A more depressing lot of straggling adobe houses—mud, plastered over bamboo—and ugly corrugated iron huts could never have been flung together to call themselves a town.

But it had a population of about 20,000, most of them Indians.

I reported for duty to General Peneranda, the Commander-in-Chief, then in Villa Montes reorganising his battered front. He sent me on at once to that Colonel Jordan whom I had met in La Paz.

The aerodrome is about a mile outside the town. It is the finest in all the Chaco, but, even so, I could see at once that a machine with a fair load could only take off due north and south, and later I was to spend quite a few anxious moments wondering whether my Junkers, heavy with bombs, could gain altitude before the end of the field brought that particular flip to a sticky crash.

Before I had reported to Colonel Jordan I saw stretchers being carried across the 'drome to a big hospital aeroplane just ready to start. The wounded men were all Indians with patient puzzled faces.

"What are those?" I asked.

"Stomach wounds," they told me. "In this climate stomach wounds always go septic unless the cases can be flown out immediately. Even then, the betting's bad."

I was dropping bombs on "the Pilas" within the week.

(To be continued.)

Frank

Greatest of These

Aftermath

"I CAN vouch for the honesty of Frank's father," writes his Vicar. "His health has obviously been badly affected by the war, and he has had to give up jobs because he was not strong. This is a case of real need, and I can assure you that apart from its *bona fide* character it definitely comes under the heading of 'Suffering from the war.'"

Frank's dad briefly sums up his case as follows: "I am unemployed—only worked four months out of twelve. I have a wife and four children. The rent of 9s. 4d. a week is £4 10s. in arrears. The children want clothes and clogs, and we want bedding. I am an ex-Service man. I joined up August 20, 1914, served in France and Salonica, was wounded and had malaria."

His eldest daughter, aged seventeen, earns 7s. 6d. a week, which, with his unemployment pay, is all that is coming in. The other children are two boys, aged six and five years, and a baby aged two.

Donations earmarked "Frank," and those intended for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We experience a sad falling off in donations during the summer months, due, no doubt, to our readers being on holiday. We suggest that a good way to bring a blessing on a holiday, or give thanks for one already enjoyed, would be to send a donation for the benefit of our ex-Service-men's hard-up families.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

You're lucky

but Richard III . . . .

was one of the most unpopular kings England ever had. And how could a man expect to be popular with hair like that? A hair-cut and shampoo and brushing with Field's Solid Brilliantine would have worked wonders with Dick Three. He'd have had to sit up nights reading his fan mail. But ladies have no use for gentlemen who have no use for a good brilliantine. Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives you hair - smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

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Just ask any chemist for an ounce of Double Strength Parmint and mix it with half a pint of home-made sugar or Honey Syrup. When he gives you the Parmint he'll also give you some tablets called Parmintabs. They're specially made to dissolve the phlegm and let the healing medicaments of the Parmint get to work right away.

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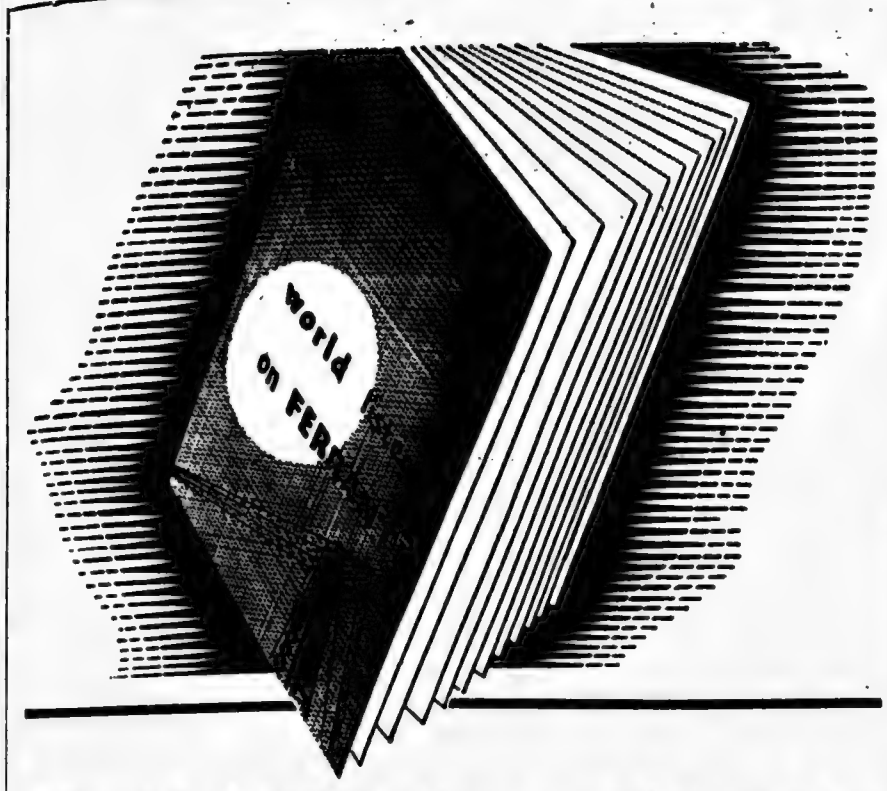

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TRAGEDY of a MARKED MAN

ONE out of every thirty-five persons in Britain to-day is in slavery.

There are 1,300,000 of them all told. They are the agricultural labourers of this country and their wives and children who are chained to their employers' service even for their humble homes.

These things may not seem credible to those who do not know the present-day conditions of rural Britain or who still believe the myth of the paternal relationship that is supposed to exist between master and servant in the countryside.

Let the doubters then examine the case of Mr. Alfred Holcombe, a farm worker of forty-two, who has just gone to a grave in the Mendips of Somerset. The story of his recent life and suffering and of the fate of his family is not an exceptional one. It is, indeed, typical of many thousands.

Misfortune, in the form of reprisals, first visited Holcombe about eighteen months ago. For a long time he had been required to work without extra reward much longer hours than those laid down by statute.

But he dared not protest, make any claim or disclose the facts to the Government inspector or to his union. He knew well that the agricultural labourer who seeks redress must be prepared to face immediately the loss of both his job and the house which his employer provides for him. Particularly at that time he desired to cling to his little home. His wife, already the mother of three children, was expecting a baby.

After the baby had arrived, however, he ventured to suggest to his employer that he was entitled to recompense for his weekly spells of Saturday afternoon and Sunday labour. There and then he was told that his services would be dispensed with, and he and his family were ordered to leave their cottage at once.

Holcombe did not give up his house. He searched the county for other accommodation, but could not obtain it. Again and again he offered to pay the farmer rent for the use of the small cottage, but this was refused.

The late employer then issued a summons for possession and for rent during the period of occupation since service had terminated. He could refuse offers to pay rent, but was legally entitled to claim it when seeking an ejectment order.

Mrs. Holcombe, with her young children, driven from a home to pauperism

The judge expressed sympathy with Holcombe, but he could only administer the law. The man was virtually a trespasser, and possession of the house and £9 arrears of rent and £6 of costs were awarded to the farmer.

With his wife and four children, the baby only a few months old, Holcombe went into the wilderness. For a year they lived as paupers, finding sleeping space where they could as he roved Dorsetshire for work. There were many jobs open, but none was for him. He was a marked man in the county, punished for having the temerity to demand his barest rights.

Holcombe, after a year of wandering and dependence on public relief, at last realised what most farm workers in his position have to come to learn—that he must go far afield, to another county, with any real hope of finding work.

In Somerset, near Bath, he struck lucky. But the agreement he had to sign in exchange for a job contained the usual slavery clause. He had to undertake to become the tenant of a cottage owned by the farmer, and that it would be vacated immediately he was dismissed or relinquished his employment or in the event of his death.

There is no defence for the survival of this relic of the feudal age. Even those who practise and encourage it can offer no justification for it. Of its evil there can be no doubt.

Wages stopped

Alfred Holcombe could not pick and choose. He and his family settled down in Somerset to what they believed must be, anyhow, a better existence than they had endured for a year.

All went well until one day Holcombe injured a finger while chaining a horse. Blood poisoning set in and he was ordered by his doctor to leave off work. As almost always happens with farm workers, his wages stopped during his short period of incapacity.

One day, just before he was about to resume work, his employer's wife called at his cottage and told Holcombe to go on his bicycle to a place three miles away to fetch a motor car for her husband.

Holcombe willingly complied. On the journey he came into collision with a heavy motor lorry and was instantaneously killed.

The widow was destitute on the day of her husband's death. The farmer sent along a messenger to her, however, with a ten-shilling note and an expression of sympathy. The ten shillings, she was informed, was intended to include 3s. 9d. which was due to her for help she had given in milking and 1s. 2d. for the purchase of a State insurance stamp.

The balance of 5s. 1d. was meant as solace to her from the farmer in her hour of bereavement!

The family was without even the means to obtain a meal, far from being able to meet the cost of the funeral expenses.

Disillusioned

Holcombe, however, had a splendid war record with the Royal Berkshire Regiment, and the British Legion came at once to the rescue of the stricken family. The funeral costs were guaranteed, and the Women's Section of the Legion provided the widow with her mourning dress.

Holcombe was buried on the Saturday afternoon. On Monday morning the farmer called upon the widow and told her that she and the children must get out of their cottage without delay. Two days later he came back and repeated the demand, and Mrs. Holcombe had no choice but to go.

She had never any doubt, of course, that the family would be provided for under the Workmen's Compensation Act. She has now been disillusioned. The farmer, through an insurance company, has repudiated all liability, holding that Holcombe's death was not caused by an accident arising out of and in the course of his employment.

To that we reply with a single question—What would have happened to Holcombe if he had refused to fetch the motor car for his employer?

So, driven from her home with her young children, and denied all compensation, Mrs. Holcombe has had to revert to pauperism.

If the system which countenances this kind of tragedy, injustice and lack of compassion can be defended, we are ready to hear its advocates.

Where's He Gone?

"VITAL" is an important word.

It played a conspicuous part in the literature of a firm named Lloyd, Palmer and Company, which, until a few days ago, carried on business as stockbrokers in New Broad Street, London, E.C.

To-day, many people who have had unsatisfactory dealings with this concern regard it as very vital that its proprietor, a Mr. Charles Lloyd, who has vanished for reasons best known to himself, should be found.

In widely distributed circulars Lloyd, Palmer and Company some months ago stated that it was its privilege to offer to clients something that was really new in the "investment field."

It was, apparently, a philanthropic as well as personal service, and—according to its printed matter—the company carried out its generous programme without any charge or obligations.

Enquiries we received long ago, however, showed that Lloyd, Palmer and Company was really only selling to misguided clients unmarketable shares in unprofitable companies.

One victim was so upset about the way in which Lloyd, Palmer and Company treated him that he brought a civil action against Charles Lloyd for the return of his money. But for a reason which is now clear the latter did not think fit to contest the action, and judgment was given against him for the amount claimed, with costs.

That, perhaps, is one of the reasons why the New Broad Street office is now vacated (at least by Charles Lloyd), though an increasing number of anxious enquirers have lately been turning up there to find out what has happened to moneys similarly parted with.

Except that the firm has "gone away"—vital information for them—they can now, we fear, expect to receive no further satisfaction.

Poisons in the Blood

caused by weak kidney action.

Backache, rheumatic pains and bladder weakness cause acute distress, especially during the night-time. What with the scalding urine, pains across the small of the back or dizzy attacks, kidney trouble destroys both peace and comfort.

Delay makes matters worse—just so long as the kidneys fail to filter the blood properly you cannot hope to be well. Stimulate your kidneys to renewed activity with Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special Kidney tonic has achieved great success throughout the world. "Thanks to Doans Pills all my kidney troubles have vanished," "I wish I had used them earlier," "I know now that much of my rheumatism was needless," are eloquent tributes to the success of Doans Pills in relieving urinary disorders, backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy and gravel.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

STARTLING NEW WASHING METHOD CUTS TIME, WORK

THERE NOW, DOES THIS CONVINCE YOU?
WHY, IT'S AMAZING! JUST 2 MINUTES AT THE BOIL, AND EVERYTHING'S BRILLIANTLY CLEAN. NO RUBBING - AND ALL THAT TIME AND FUEL SAVED, COMPARED TO MY OLD 30-MINUTE BOIL!

2 MINUTES AT THE BOIL

Scientific washing tests have recently been completed that reveal two amazing facts. First, that with Rinso 2 *minutes at the boil* is enough to make clothes clean.

Put the clothes into the copper in luke-warm Rinso, bring to the boil, and boil for only 2 *minutes*. Then you're through! With more than 30 minutes' worth of fuel saved! Everything will be brilliant—without any hard rubbing.

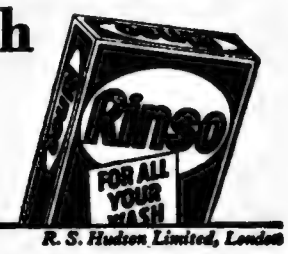
AND LOOK HOW WHITE THESE ARE - AFTER JUST 12 MINUTES' SOAKING!..... RINSO'S SO SAFE TOO. NO DESTRUCTIVE CHEMICALS IN RINSO!
MY WHOLE WORK WILL BE PERFECT - AND DONE IN RECORD TIME! RINSO FOR ME FROM NOW ON!

12 MINUTES' SOAKING

The second fact revealed by these tests is: Clothes that don't need boiling, or can't stand hot water, can be *soaked clean* in warm *Rinso suds* in 12 *minutes*.

No hard rubbing needed. No more backache. Money saved on soap, for Rinso does your whole wash alone. Your wash done hours faster—yet everything beautifully clean! Get Rinso! Remember—a 2-minute boil or a 12-minute soak...

That's all it takes with RINSO



3½d., 6d., and 10d. a packet

R 2268-541 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.

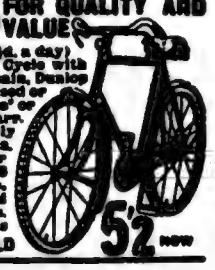
HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere

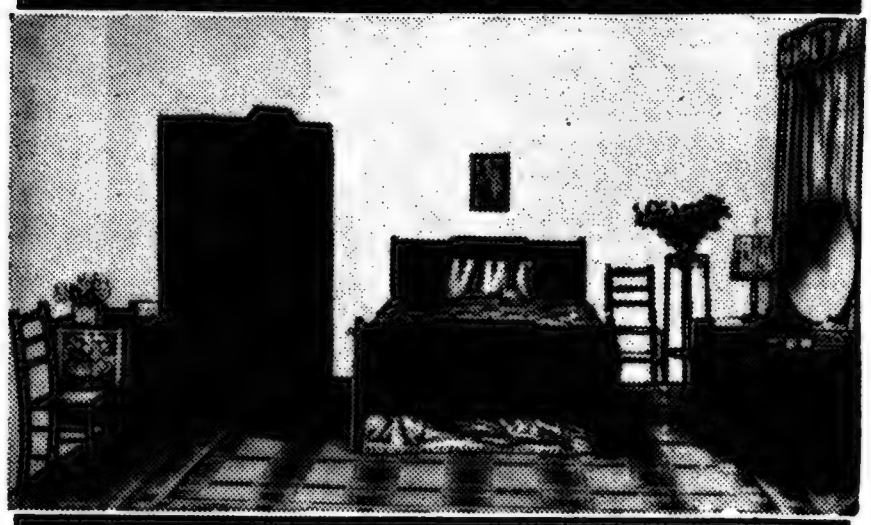
GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. S. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



DRAGES Fine Furniture



Special August Offers

Throughout the month of August hundreds of groups of Drages Fine Furniture are being offered at Special Prices. The offers which we were able to make to Home-Lovers last August were so widely appreciated that we have decided to extend similar offers this year, *with additional advantages.* Apart from the exceptional selection of Fine Furniture offered at these special prices and on 50 Pay-Way Terms, Drages offer to *store, free of charge,* until after the holidays, or later if desired, all furniture ordered during August; and *all customers placing orders this month need make no further payment until October 1st.*

If you cannot conveniently make a personal visit to our showrooms just send the coupon for a copy of the special 32-page illustrated brochure, which contains a large selection of Drages groups, all of which are obtainable on 50 Pay-Way terms.

★ HUNDREDS OF GROUPS TO SELECT FROM ★

50 PAY-WAY MEANS..

50 months to pay (*more than 4 years*) and no deposit for approved accounts. So that a monthly payment of 10/- buys £25 worth of furniture—other amounts, large or small, in proportion. And a Free Fire and Life Policy, issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. Ltd., with Drages written Protection in case of illness or unemployment are given to every customer.

ORDERS BY POST

are given very special attention. You can rely on us to give immediate and careful attention to the selection, packing and dispatch of the articles you choose. You may order by post with confidence, on the understanding that if, on delivery, any article does not meet with your fullest approval, it may be returned, exchanged, or your money refunded in full.

50 MONTHS TO PAY AND NO DEPOSIT

DRAGES

FOR FINE FURNITURE

73-77, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Open daily 9 a.m.—6.30 p.m. **Open Thursdays till 8 p.m.** *Closed Saturdays 1 p.m.*

Manchester: 42, Deansgate. *Open all day Saturdays.*

Birmingham: 101-103, Bull Street. *Open all day Saturdays.*

LONDON: Open on Thursdays till 8 p.m. CLOSED SATURDAYS AT 1 P.M.

AUGUST CUSTOMERS NEED MAKE NO FURTHER PAYMENT TILL OCT. 1

FREE *Post in unsealed ½d.-stamped envelope. Please send me free copies of the new 32-page Brochure, and the book "You and Your Home" by Jane and John.*

Name.....

Address.....

J.B. 22.8 .....

WAITRESS WENT ON WORKING

in spite of

STOMACH SUFFERING

How often a little tragedy lies behind the brave smile and cheerful service of those we meet in life's busy round. This letter tells how a waitress's stomach sufferings were put right.

Unbearable pains stopped

"I am one of those sufferers from acute stomach trouble, and a waitress in a very busy restaurant. I am compelled to go on working in spite of my sufferings, but a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder soon puts me right.

"If I come away from home without it the pains are unbearable. I would have to give up work if I hadn't it to depend on.

"A customer of mine said she had tried it without good results. I found she had been buying a cheaper brand but, since telling her, she had the 2/- size of the Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and it has completely cured her."

Mrs. L. Rout, Sandy Lane North, Wallington.

Look for the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

That will always save you from disappointment. The original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons, with the signature Alex. C. Maclean on both. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Don't overlook the "John Bull" Shop Window on pages 2 and 3 and The "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 16.

Eat NUTTALL'S MINTOES THEY NEVER LET YOU DOWN!

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicater tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

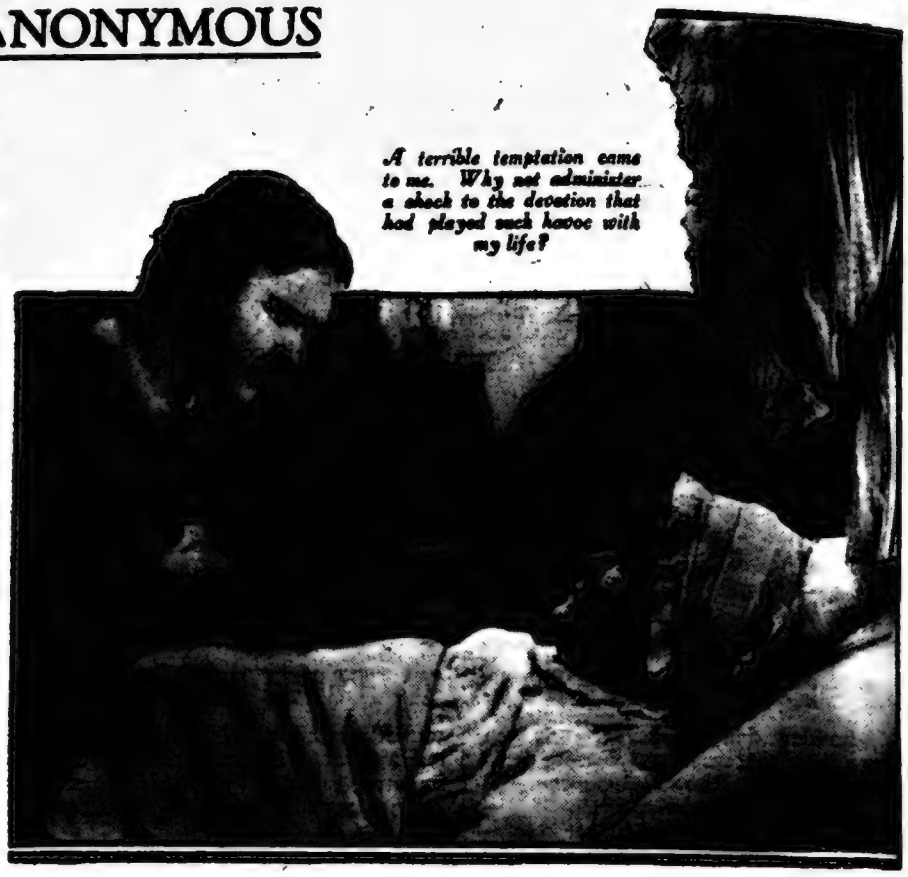
Man Zan BRAND PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witt's Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden. We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be Strictly Anonymous.



A terrible temptation came to me. Why not administer a shock to the devotion that had played such havoc with my life?

I Killed *with a* LIE

I DON'T suppose there are many of us who stop to think of the possible consequences when our lips frame a lie.

We seek to get ourselves out of a scrape.

And so, realising that a few words will do the trick, and that words are cheap enough in all conscience, we utter the lie.

In effect, we fire a bullet into the world, and the consequences, from that moment on, are beyond us.

I choose that simile of the bullet with adequate reason, for just consider the dread secret I have kept locked in my heart for ten years, and which I now unburden for the first time. *I killed—with a lie.*

I wanted to injure my husband's mother, as she—a hard, censorious woman, whom my husband insisted on living with us—had injured me. She had driven a wedge into my married life, and I wanted to see the agony on her face that I knew my well-chosen lie would produce.

WITHIN a matter of seconds I was rushing to bring a doctor to her poor, collapsed body. When I returned with him she was dead. And ever since my life with my husband has been a living lie. I have cheated him into thinking we are happier now than when mother shared our home, all the time realising that it is a purgatory compared with what it was then.

My confession must begin at the time when the man I married took me home as his sweetheart.

Quite truthfully, I was desperately keen to make a good impression on my boy's mother, for he had given me such glowing reports about her. She was sweet and kindly, and everything that was nice, he said.

I crossed her threshold prepared to meet a paragon of all the virtues. Instead, I knew in a second from the coldness of the reception I got that she was very different from the woman who had been described to me.

She greeted me cheerfully enough, but that, I thought a minute later, was a trick. Somehow, she talked to me in a distant and aloof way, as if she was condescending to meet me rather than welcoming a future daughter-in-law.

And all the time she was following her son in his every move, as though she couldn't see enough of him, belauding his importance in a manner that almost suggested that I regarded him as a nonentity.

"Well, lass, and what did you think of mother?" my boy said to me later, his eyes betraying a measure of pride I felt he would never show in me.

I wanted to blurt out the opinion that he was old enough to stand on his own feet, and not be so thoroughly subservient to a parent at his time of life. Instead, I mumbled something about her being a mother of whom to be proud.

CAME the day when I showed her the engagement ring. She hardly looked at it. A glance was enough.

Then my boy qualified as a chemist, and received substantial salary advancement in the village shop where he was employed. "Of course, you won't be thinking of getting married yet," she told me then. "It would be wicked of you to stop John getting properly on to his feet. If he can't carve out a position for himself before marriage, he never will afterwards, you know."

In time I found courage from somewhere and openly replied to her reprimands. She told me, then, in front of my boy, that I was hardly a suitable girl to make a good wife for her son, and still less suitable to be her daughter-in-law.

John defended me, but not as warmly as I would have liked. But somehow I think he tackled her alone, for she came to me afterwards and twitted me on being too thin-skinned and imaginative.

And at last, despite all her efforts to put it off still longer, came our marriage. She found a trivial cough from somewhere, which she used as an excuse for not attending the church. And John's first words on leaving the church were: "I hope we find mother all right when we get back."

AND then came a bombshell in news of a heart attack, and the doctor's verdict that it would be unsafe for her to live alone. What followed, I suppose, was inevitable. She had to come with us. I dared not have rejected John's suggestion in the matter.

When she arrived at my door, my life's happiness died for ever.

Truly, life became very dreadful for me, with my husband becoming more and more a willing slave to his mother, and she—just ten times more irritable than she used to be—more and more anxious to have me treated as the minor entity of the establishment.

One evening she suffered a terrible heart attack which sent me running for the doctor. She didn't say a word of thanks to me when the attack was over, and then, when my husband returned from his work, made the dreadful accusation that I had been trying to kill her.

As time wore on, she became more and more accusatory. Hardly a day passed without my husband being informed that I was using dreadful language, or insulting her in some terrible way.

"She mustn't have the slightest excitement," said her doctor. "It might kill her, in her present state."

So that when, one day, the village was roused by a thunderous explosion from the direction of the local pit, and the inhabitants went scurrying to the pithead to see if they could be of any help, John said to me: "It sounds like a really big disaster, but keep her supplied with news minimising the tragedy, won't you?" as he rushed out to help.

She was asleep when the disaster occurred, and the explosion didn't awaken her. When she did awake, at last, she asked for John.

A terrible temptation came into my head. Why not administer a shock to this smug devotion of hers to her son, the devotion that had played such havoc with my married life? Why not let her suffer a bit as she had made me suffer?

"There's been a terrible accident," I began. "At the pit. Many dead. John went down into the workings, and there has been a second explosion. They fear ——"

She had been slowly raising herself into a half-sitting posture as I spoke, her face growing more and more terrified as she did so.

"But John—what about John?" she screamed. "For heaven's sake, tell me?"

"They fear the worst," I said.

I fully intended to remove that lying impression with my very next breath. I swear it. I never intended my words to inflict more than temporary anguish. I actually began to qualify my words, but slowly the horror dawned on me that her mind had become dumb to any further message.

"My son, my son!" she moaned, and crumpled up in the bed.

I was terrified now. I rushed for the doctor. "Another heart attack," I told him, meeting him on his return from the pit.

"I told her about the accident as gently as I could," I lied.

And when I returned to the house she lay exactly as I had left her. "It's too late," said the doctor. "I'm sorry to have to tell you that she has passed away." . . .

That was ten years ago.

To-day, whenever my husband speaks of his wonderful mother, I am "generous" enough to agree.

Friends and neighbours regard us as a happy couple, as, indeed, I suppose we appear. They don't know.

They don't know about the lie that killed—and the torture I endure as a consequence.

DESTROY Fleas!

Dead Fleas don't bite. Sprinkle Keatings wherever there are fleas—and sleep in peace—but it must be Keatings. Cartons: 3d., 6d., and 1/-. Powder Gun 1/-.

KEATING'S KILLS BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

ILLNESS and DEPRESSION in the air this August

—THAT'S WHY WOMEN NEED THIS WONDERFUL TONIC!

WHY is it that every other woman you meet feels tired and depressed just now?

Why is it that Harley Street specialists are busier than they've ever been before with cases of depression, tiredness and nervous breakdown?

Doctors and meteorologists put it down to the terribly disappointing summer we've had. It's not merely the lack of sunshine—there's recently been a heavy atmospheric depression over Great Britain, such as we haven't had before in this century.

The mistake women make

It is women who are the chief sufferers. Their entire nervous systems have been weakened. They are tired, headachy, 'nervy' and run-down. The mistake some make is trying artificial, so-called "tonics" that only lift them up for a short time and then let them down badly.

The tonic women really need is Hall's Wine. Specially prepared, from a doctor's formula, to build up weakened blood and nerve-cells, it actually starts to pour its tonic strength into your blood within thirty seconds! And it *goes on* doing you more and more good!

Follow doctors' advice

No wonder doctors and nurses are recommending Hall's Wine to patients who are tired, 'nervy' and wretched.

Follow their advice—take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. Tiredness will fade away like a bad dream. Start today!

HALL'S WINE

The tonic that does you good in thirty seconds

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6, smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. SCORE OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.** (Prescription No. 1108/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.25), 62, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B. 100) Sent Free.

A Generous Free Sample of

Elasto *Regd.*

for all

BLOOD DISORDERS AND CIRCULATORY TROUBLES

★ *Turn to p. 33 and fill in the Coupon —Now, while you think of it!*

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

Radio Enthusiasts—

Send for this FREE BOOK!

Turn to Page 25 and fill in the Coupon!

Short-wave reception is opening up new worlds of entertainment. Just how you can make the most of these new possibilities is explained in an enlightening book just issued by Furzehill free—a copy of which can be secured by any reader of "John Bull" who simply fills in the coupon on p. 25. Full details of the new Furzehill Radio Receivers are also given in this unique Guide to better radio reception. Send for your copy to-day!

THE PICK OF THE SHOW!

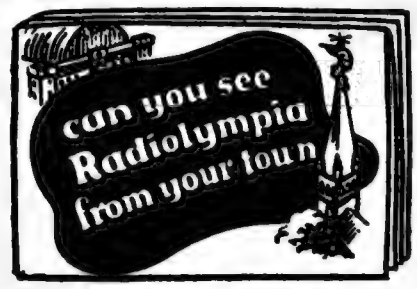
RADIOLYMPIA

Currys

OVER 200 BRANCHES LTD.

ARE *FIRST* WITH NEWEST RADIO WONDERS—SELECTED FOR *YOU!*

In over 200 local Currys' Branches are already displayed all Radiolympia's marvellous new 1937 Models—All-Wave, All-Electric, Battery and Portable Sets. You can have any Sets demonstrated free in your home and you'll find them all illustrated and described in this LARGE, INTERESTING BROCHURE—just "hot" off the press—



It shows THE best in 1937 Radio, gives Lowest Prices and Best Terms and includes sensational Radio BARGAINS exclusive to Currys.

IT'S FREE

Ask for it at any Currys' Branch or use Coupon—when address of nearest Branch will also be sent to you. If interested also ask for Currys' Catalogue of Cycles and Accessories, Hercules Cycle Catalogue, Raleigh Cycle Catalogue and Currys' Club Catalogue.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW FOR FREE 1937 RADIO BROCHURE

To CURRYS, LTD., Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

NAME .....

Post in ½d. stamped open envelope.

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... J.B. 22/8

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST RADIO AND CYCLE RETAILERS

Saturday Morning!

There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

WW 21

Free

Clips or Brooches *in every* **1/6 & 2/6 Packet of Radox**

Beautiful modern brooches and clips — the loveliest designs, the latest styles—are waiting for you at your chemist's. They are *free—absolutely FREE.* Go and secure yours *now.* It all sounds too good to be true, and you'll have to *see* these *valuable* gifts to believe it. It is the 12th Birthday of Radox, and this is our Birthday Gift to you.

RADOX is a scientific preparation with almost magical properties. It removes corns, right from the roots, callouses, bunions, and hard skin with miraculous ease. It brings joyous relief to tired feet after a trying day. Massage your fat spots with Radox when in your bath, and watch your girlish slenderness reappear. Exquisitely scented, Radox is delightful for the bath—it beautifies the skin by oxygenating the water. Go round to your chemist's today and get a 1/6 or 2/6 (double quantity) packet of Radox. Remember, there are no coupons to collect—the Birthday Gifts of lovely jewelled clips and brooches are in the Radox packet. There are 129 different varieties. Ask for the Birthday packet (green seal on top) with the charming Free Gift enclosed.

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down" which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; haemorrhage and protrusion. The **MAGIC BEARD PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile Cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and haemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE.** Send a postcard to-day for a free sample to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.22, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

POTENTATES *of the* Park

"Wet or fine, these homeless ones stretch themselves on the grass, resting their heads on a bundle or decrepit attaché-case"

LONG before most of us are up in the morning, little groups of men, unshaven and unkempt, shuffle slowly into our public parks as soon as the keeper unlocks the gates.

They shamble past in silence and make straight for their own accustomed pitch, there to seek the sleep the restless night has denied them. For, lest illness or death overtake them, the police, as they come upon their forms huddled on bench or doorstep, have perforce to keep them on the move.

A favourite haven lies between Buckingham Palace and the clubs of Piccadilly.

There all the morning, on two green slopes that form the sides of a gentle valley, you will see recumbent forms, some so covered with old coats, so surrounded by sacks and bundles, that they lose all human shape.

They are but litter gathered in a heap.

Wet or fine, these homeless ones stretch themselves on the grass, lying on a coat, a sack, a strip of macintosh, resting their heads on a bundle or decrepit attaché-case.

Breakfast . .

Each man—the presence of a woman is rare—lies facing the sun, the better to receive the warmth for which his tired body craves. And, long after the sun has risen and peered into his face, he sleeps on.

One or two sleep sitting with their backs against a tree; a few make a bivouac of three park chairs, one to sit on, one to rest the feet, and a third on which to place their bundles

And while some slumber till high noon, others wake after a few hours, fill little tins with water from the lovely old fountain on the western slope, and proceed to freshen up and to shave. An army mirror is propped in a nook of a tree, and a cut-throat razor finds a last stronghold.

Breakfast follows; after which any litter is cleared up and put into the round cage that stands so ostentatiously in the middle of their "dormitory." They know the rules, and want no trouble with their friends the keepers. Should some newcomer move off leaving paper or other litter on the ground, he quickly hears from the old hands that "he can't do that there 'ere."

Old hands? Yes, some so old and so regular that they have seen a succession of keepers come and go.

"Yorkie," for instance, never missed a day, wet or fine, for over twelve years. Neither snowfall nor thunderstorm drove this intrepid squatter to forsake his "rus in urbe."

Nothing was known of him, save that he came from the North.

Daily he entered Green Park as soon as the gates were opened, and never left until the gates were shut.

The sergeant

One morning "Yorkie" was absent. A few days later an unknown body was picked out of the Thames, from between two barges. It was never identified, but the keepers were pretty sure who it was.

There was, too, a retired sergeant-major, a constant park-sleeper for three or four years. He drew his pension regularly and got rid of it promptly. Yet one would think he had no need to live this vagrant life. Perhaps during all his years of army routine and parade-ground discipline his heart had pined for freedom.

So, on leaving the Army, surfeited with receiving and giving orders, he determined thenceforth to live his own life. One day he, too, was absent, and the park knew him no more. Had the old soldier died or simply faded away? None knew.

It is a curious fact that very few of the older men, the regulars, though they may see others for months and sometimes years, know anything about each other, or even exchange news. They simply aren't interested.

Most of the park-men are past the age of employment, are not on the "dole," and are too independent to seek parish relief. Their needs are few, and, somehow or other, they manage to earn enough each day for their existence. "Sufficient unto the day" is truly their motto.

Yet these men never beg.

Often I have stretched myself on the grass and, through the introduction of a cigarette, talked to one of them and been accepted as a fellow-man. They display a philosophic outlook, a spirit of independence, but no trace of the scrounger. More than a hint of the humour and patience that carried so many through the dangers and discomforts of the Great War breaks through when they are talking of their present life.

Drinks all round!

In addition to the old regulars, there is a small floating population of younger men, made up of skilled or semi-skilled workmen for the time being out of a job. They sit about in groups of three or four, chat together in friendly manner, and, in some cases, have the tools of their trade by their side.

Old faces or new, the keepers soon get to know them and to sum them up. Rarely is there any trouble afoot—they come to the park to rest, not to rough-house. Drunkenness is practically unknown.

There was a period, however, not long ago, when the keepers noticed a positive wave of insobriety among certain groups. They watched carefully, but could see no trace of beer or spirit bottles. But they noticed that a comparative newcomer was constantly employed in going to the fountain and filling the water tins and mugs of the various groups.

His good nature and willingness seemed to have no end, until one day when an observant keeper saw him pour into each can something from a large medicine bottle he had concealed under his coat.

It was neat methylated spirit, supplies of which he had brought into the park several times each day, and sold at a handsome profit.

With the speedy elimination of the good-natured messenger, sobriety returned to these Elysian fields.

While some park-men may spend the whole day sleeping, dosing, or reading newspapers, others start to work as soon as they have had their first sleep. There is the old man who makes his few pence a day by selling scrap metal, bits of brass, wire, tin or iron that he picks out of the dustbins or finds discarded in odd corners.

The march of time has not made his life any easier—before the war he got 4d. a lb. for his metal, now he gets but three-ha'pence. Sometimes the dustbin yields softer goods than metal—old shoes or discarded garments—and these can always be relied on to get a few coppers.

Six a penny

At work, too, are the fag-makers, surrounded by little sacks and paper bags, each crammed full of cigarette butts. These they buy from kinema attendants, and are the sweepings of the floors. If lucky, half the stubs are stained with the carmine of lipstick, for these are longer than those which have been smoked by men.

The fag-maker picks off the paper, mixes up the tobacco, and remakes it on the spot into thin, crinkled cigarettes, which he sells at the bargain rate of six a penny.

Though often our humble vagrant is indifferent to the company of his fellow-men, he is mindful of the birds that gather round as he eats his scanty meal.

The pompous pigeon, the gay little sparrow, the greedy starling are grateful for the crumbs that are thrown from these rich men's tables. The sleek stockbroker and the stout city merchant, whose important steps may disturb them at their feast, are of small account in the estimation of the birds.

To their discriminating eyes these constant friends, the humble figures who daily greet the sun with them and are mindful of their voracious wants, these are the princes and potentates of the park.

K. O. F.

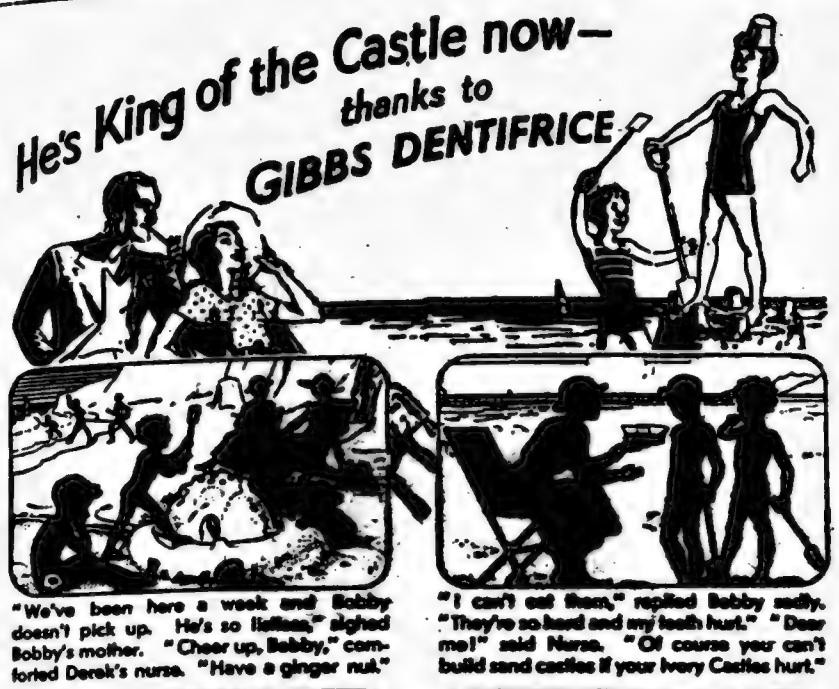
HURRY FOR SEA EPIC

The final Reservation Forms for JOHN BULL'S epic Presentation, "The Wonderful Story of the Sea," appeared last week. If you have not yet completed and posted them, do so *AT ONCE.* Next Tuesday—August 25—*is the last day for receipt of Reservations.*

The opportunity of a lifetime is slipping away. This is a volume of which you will always be proud; a book to be dipped into time and again through the years, it steers a fascinating course through the whole story of man's achievements on the sea—from the log canoe of primitive man to the luxurious 80,000-ton *Queen Mary.*

You would gladly pay £1 1s. for such a book as this, yet it can be yours, providing you *act now,* for the astonishingly low presentation price of only 2s. 9d. plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing insurance, etc. Don't miss this last opportunity to obtain this mighty work. *NOW*—find those Reservation Forms and fill them in *AT ONCE*—before it's too late.

He's King of the Castle now— thanks to GIBBS DENTIFRICE



"We've been here a week and Bobby doesn't pick up. He's so listless," sighed Bobby's mother. "Cheer up, Bobby," comforted Derek's nurse. "Have a ginger nut."

"I can't eat them," replied Bobby sadly. "They're so hard and my teeth hurt." "Dear me!" said Nurse. "Of course you can't build sand castles if your Ivory Castles hurt."

"I can save the tooth this time," said the dentist. "What does he clean them with? I always advise Gibbs Dentifrice—use it twice daily—there's nothing better."

"Race you to the Pier," cried Bobby. Mother noted his flashing white teeth and smiled happily. "No doubt now about the holiday doing him good—that and Gibbs Dentifrice."

Gibbs Dentifrice kills germs, neutralises harmful acids, and polishes teeth to a vivid, glinting beauty. More important still, Gibbs does its beautifying work in absolute safety—keeps teeth sound with the lovely whiteness of unscratched enamel. CHANGE TO GIBBS TODAY!

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—*defend them with*

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d. 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d. TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d & 1/-

GDmsk.

"NOW . . . I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Once she found how good Palmolive's rich olive oil lather was for her complexion, she didn't need much persuading to try it for her bath. And she's delighted with Palmolive's wonderful power of refreshing—quite apart from getting the same beauty treatment for back and arms and shoulders as has made her complexion so lovely.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

"My hair was rapidly falling out and becoming terribly thin."

New Hair Growth by using KOTALKO

Blackpool.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff."

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They regrow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWTH

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

TO JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53.EB.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 8 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urace brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss —— S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1 From your chemist, 2/3 and 3/-.

CURRYS *New* RADIO BROCHURE is now ready—*It's FREE!*

Currys illustrated brochure of the new 1937 models—All-mains, Battery and Portable Sets—is just "hot" off the press. Get a copy of this latest guide by filling in the Coupon on p. 29.

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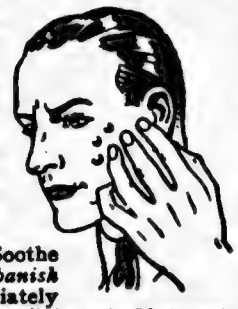
WILL SOLVE YOUR FURNISHING TROUBLES

A FREE copy of "You and Your Home," a wonderful Guide to Home Happiness, together with special illustrated brochure containing selection of furniture on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month is waiting to be sent to You! Simply fill in and post the Coupon in the Drage announcement on p. 27.

Terrible Danger of INSECT BITES



Awful, Itching, Maddening, Sleep-stealing INSECT BITES! Their terrible irritation drives you almost to distraction. You feel you want to "tear yourself to pieces!" But DON'T SCRATCH THEM!—you may poison yourself. Soothe them—heal them—*banish them* — by immediately applying "Germolene" Aseptic Ointment. "Germolene" soothes and cools your skin at a touch! Its powerful aseptic properties quickly remove the danger of poisoning from the bite, and clear your skin.

GREAT OFFER!

PROVE the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be REFUNDED.

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6D *Brand* ASEPTIC OINTMENT

1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin. Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS (*Brand*)

1/3 per box

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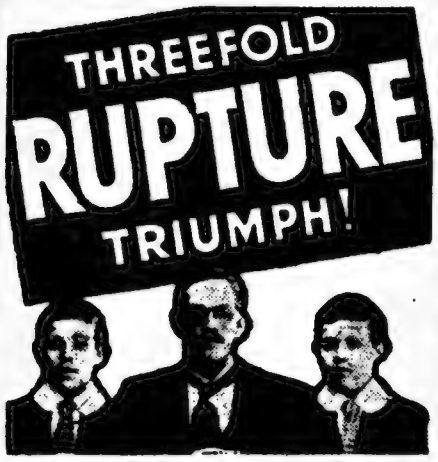

FATHER & TWIN SONS SAY GOOD-BYE TO RUPTURE WORRIES

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"My *heartfelt thanks* for all that your Appliance has meant to my twin boys. I sent for your booklet, eventually procuring your Appliance for the twins, and in 18 months they were both *effectively and permanently cured*. So I procured a Brooks Appliance, which I found very beneficial. I have now *discarded the Appliance* and given it to a neighbour. We have passed the good tidings on to several friends with the usual good result."

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Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

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(Please write plainly.)

CUT OUT AND POST TO-DAY

WINNING BACK THE Unfaithful HUSBAND

SOME husbands look upon marriage in a very selfish light. They expect absolute loyalty from their wives, and "kick up a dickens of a row" if the latter should ever look at another man. And yet, those same husbands "carry on" themselves with impunity. Here is one of them who is apparently leading a double life:

My husband was a widower when I met him, and we have been married twelve years (writes the wife). We have two children, whom we both idolise, and we have all been very happy together. Some months ago my husband was ill and afterwards he was sent to a convalescent home.

One day a short time after his return he could not find one of his medical cards, and as I thought he had not searched everywhere. I looked in his pockets for him, and to my dismay found a photograph of a girl. I put it back and said nothing about it. But the next week I found a letter from her, but could not bring myself to read it. I know he has written to her, but he calls somewhere for her replies.

What hurts me so much is that he sent me such wonderful letters while he was away, and I can't bear to think that all the time he was carrying on with someone else. He spends all his spare time with the children and myself, so that I know he does not meet this girl unless it is at work.

What ought I to do, for I still love him dearly. If his relationship with her is only a friendly one, why can't he be open about it and tell me?

This affair is worrying me to such an extent that I am beginning to feel ill and I have lost 6 lb. in weight in two months.

There is an old saying that "if there were no receivers there would be fewer thieves." And if some girls had more self-respect it would not be so easy for married men to go astray. But that does not excuse this man's disloyalty. As my correspondent says, "if his relationship with the girl is only a friendly one" he should be open about it and tell her so.

NOW it is foolish for this woman to keep this trouble to herself. By doing that she is making herself ill and has already lost substantially in weight. She should tax her husband with her discovery. Let him be told how the photograph and letter were found and how terribly hurt she has felt about it all. That will give him an opportunity of explaining the affair.

And once the air has been cleared I hope it will lead to the resumption of the old relationship. After all, this wife has advantages over any possible rival. There are the dozen and one ties that bind married life. She has her home and her two children.

There are men who indulge in flirtations without the knowledge of their wives. But they would hesitate a long time before sacrificing their homes and all that they stand for.

My correspondent should do everything she can to guard against the straying of her husband's affection. Make her home happy and comfortable, make herself as attractive as her circumstances permit, find time to go out with him whenever possible. And I am sure things will come out right between them.

Now here is a man who admits that he cares for another girl. "How can I win back his love?" asks his wife. Here is her letter:

After a courtship lasting nearly eight years I married my husband just over twelve months ago. During part of our engagement my work as a nurse took me away from our home town, and in my absence he became acquainted with a young lady, whom he used to take about. When I discovered what was happening I taxed him with it and he confessed that his affections for me had changed and he suggested that we should part. This was a terrible shock, as I loved him dearly.

Some time later I became friendly with a young man living in the same town where I worked, and after we had been going out for some time he came with me to visit my parents. One evening when we were out walking we met my first young man and I noticed that he was looking very miserable. Shortly after my return he wrote me a very humble letter, saying he would go to almost any lengths if only I would make it up.

I agreed to do so and everything went well until our marriage. Very soon afterwards he became very restless and inconsiderate and nothing I did seemed to please him. Then one day he told me that he was madly in love with the other girl and couldn't possibly help himself. I have tried reasoning with him, but all to no avail. Whatever can I do to win back his love?

In the early years of our history man had to hunt for everything he required—his food, his shack, his woman. The same instinct remains. That is why womenfolk should never cheapen themselves. And yet I fear this girl has done so.

SHE and this man are married now and I would not say anything that will rankle. But what has gone before has a bearing on the present difficulty. To say the least, he did not act very decently during that long engagement, and as a result it was broken off. Yet when he saw my correspondent with another man he asked her to make it up again. And she "agreed to do so." Pity she did not leave him in suspense for a time.

Now he says he can't help loving this other girl. But he can control his feelings and out of consideration for his wife he should not let her be harassed by a revelation of this kind.

"How can I win back his love?" my correspondent asks. Hard though it may be, I advise her not to let him see that she is jealous or allow this annoyance to make her irritable. Patience and apparent indifference are good weapons for her to use in such a circumstance.

Her husband, who talks about being "madly in love," is obviously infatuated with this other girl. And infatuation has a habit of ending as suddenly as it begins. I hope that it will be so in this case.

Some girls encourage married men to make love to them. But not my next correspondent. This is what she tells me:

I have been a member of a tennis club for two years and have been very friendly with the captain and his wife. We all help with the teas, and one evening when the others were playing I saw the captain was washing up, and I naturally offered to "wipe" for him. We talked gaily as usual and I turned to put away some crockery in a cupboard, when to my amazement and indignation I found this man's arms around me and heard him declaring his love for me.

I told him not to be a fool and managed to break away.

Almost the next minute the door opened and his wife walked in. I did not know what to do, for the man has a grown-up family and his wife has always boasted to me that he would never look at another woman. I have thought of leaving the club, but if I do his wife and the other members will wonder why I have done so. I would make him openly apologise, but I was alone and have no proof of his behaviour.

A VERY unpleasant episode for my correspondent. The kindest way to regard it is that it was a sudden lapse on the man's part and is best forgotten.

I certainly don't advise her to leave the club. Why should she do so if she enjoys being a member? She told the man he was a fool—he may have learnt his lesson and never again offend in the same way. She can make certain of this by seeing that she is not left alone in his company.

Such discoveries are a great shock—but there are a number of ways of facing the problem, and winning through

Human Documents

by Philip Inman

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"Spoil Sport" Thoughts

Thanks to JOHN BULL's wonderful holiday concession, such a thought need not trouble the minds of registered readers of JOHN BULL.

Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift JOHN BULL not only provides generous Benefit for loss by Burglary, but is the only paper in the world to safeguard its readers' household effects against damage by fire, storm, flood, and tempest.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. Should an application for benefit arise, all that readers will be asked to do is to show that before leaving for their holidays they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return and that they bought JOHN BULL while they were away.

If you have not yet registered, fill up the Forms on page 4 to-day. One registration covers husband, wife, home and children (over six and under fifteen).

Here's Health!

New Health Discovery— "Blood-Stimulation"

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Great Blood Revitaliser

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It is prepared in tiny tablets, *which dissolve instantly* on the tongue, and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
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"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels.

Your body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels! Think of that—12,000 miles. *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This marvellous pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station, the heart. Modern research shows that most ill-health can be traced to sluggishness in some part of this vast network of blood vessels (stagnant blood quickly becomes impure and disease-infected); that explains why the New Elasto method of "Blood-Stimulation" makes you feel so "Fit" quite apart from curing your local ailment; which, after all, is only a *symptom* of bad circulation!

Take Elasto for:-

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all these troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15. D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

ELASTO corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. In the blood it becomes immediately active, overcoming sluggishness; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased-damaged tissues, and promoting normal healthy circulation.

There are no Substitutes for Elasto! Beware of Imitations!

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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"John Bull," 22/8/36. .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

CORNS QUICKLY REMOVED!

The most agonising and obstinate corns can be quickly and completely removed by a 'Reudel Salts' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Salts' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns. Try it yourself and end the misery of corns without delay.

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(Say ROO-DEL)

Only in YELLOW packets
1/6—large size 2/6.

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10
UP TO ANY AMOUNT ACCEPTED
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THE SPORTSMAN'S
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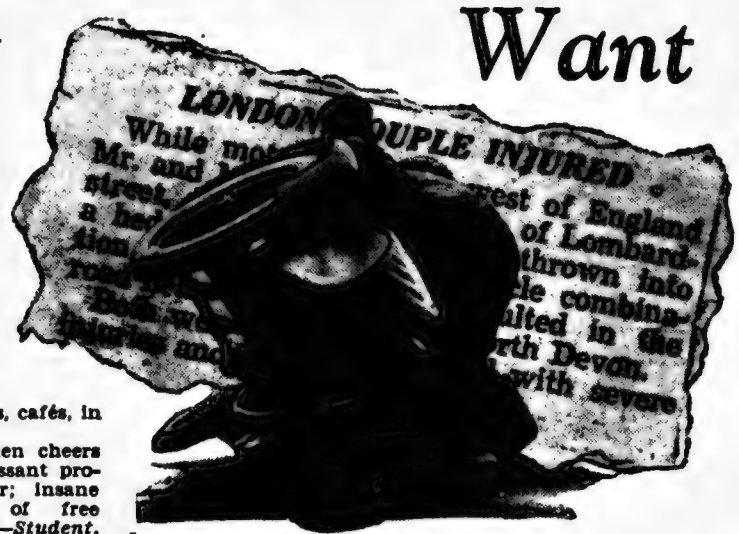
PILES Relieved INSTANTLY

. . . . "*I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before.*"
J. O., Burley-in-Wharfedale.

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

Holiday I NEVER Want Again



LAST summer, a friend and I spent a holiday in Northern Italy. It was a holiday I never want again.

Padua, Verona, Milan and Venice were enchanting. The River Po was majestic, the landscape was colourful, and the people were very kind.

But these pleasant memories leave a nasty taste in the mouth, because they bring back ugly sights. Absurdly young children drilling with military precision in village and city squares; Mussolini's chin, monstrously exaggerated, thrust out at you wherever you went—from hoardings, cottage parlours, cafés, in fact, everywhere.

Night and day, the fear-ridden cheers for "Chay Doo!" blatant, incessant propaganda for the glory of war; insane nationalisation; suppression of free speech only too obvious. Ugh!—*Student, Cardiff.*

The Crash

It was a lovely night, and as the floating palace glided through the placid waters I stood leaning over the rail, thinking how lucky I was to be having such a holiday.

And then—the crash! Struggling men and women, the shouting of officers, the hysterical screaming of frightened children and the downward slant of the great ship, all added to the horror.

Then, as the dark, gleaming waves were overwhelming me, a strong hand pulled me into a boat, and, miracle of miracles, I had been saved from the wreck of the mighty *Titanic.*—*R. G., Crieff.*

Shanghaied

In 1895 I was working in a lumber camp in British Columbia, and, having two months' pay in hand, I decided to have a holiday in Vancouver. Arrived there, I proceeded to enjoy myself in my own fashion.

Two days later, I woke up in a sailing-ship. Vancouver Island was fading astern, and a winter passage round Cape Horn lay ahead.

Six months later my "holiday" ended when I was landed at a small Irish port and taken to hospital, suffering from scurvy.—*Lumberjack, Brighton.*

Sigh of Relief

Two weeks in a bungalow nestling beneath lofty cliffs which tower above a blue sea . . . indeed, a holiday to look forward to. To me, a housewife, the prospect of a change was welcome indeed, and in my delight I told all my friends where I was going.

Every day of that holiday some of our friends "looked us up." I was kept busy preparing meals for them, and washing up dishes after they had gone. As we heaved a sigh of relief as one party left, a car would bring another crowd.

We were glad to get home for rest.—*H. E., Lozells.*

Turned Over

One Sunday morning recently my wife and I left home to tour North Devon on a motor-cycle combination.

Alas, for our hopes! On the following morning we were rounding an unbanked bend, when, tilting too far, the spring of the sidecar jabbed the road, and somersaulted us into a hedge.

We were taken to hospital in Winsford with face and leg injuries, and we spent the remainder of the holiday watching the rain from the hospital windows.—*L. S., Battersea.*

Not the Winner

While on holiday on the South Coast, I entered a "bathing beauties" contest. I paraded with the other competitors in front of the judges, and when they had made their decision the winner's name was called.

It was my name! As I walked out, smiling broadly, another girl walked up also. Her name was the same as mine, and she was the winner, while I had not got even a recommendation.

I blushed a deep red, and, full of confusion, slipped away as unobtrusively as possible. The incident completely spoilt my holiday, for wherever I went I felt I was being smiled at behind my back.—*Bathing Beauty, Somerset.*

After 17 Years

Owing to almost continual ill-health and long spells of unemployment, I had not had a holiday for seventeen years, and when recently my son asked me to share a week's camping with him, I readily agreed.

On arrival at the camping site, we asked some fellow-campers to mind our clothes while we went for a quick bathe.

When we got back my son, with white face and trembling finger, pointed to his pocket. His wallet, containing a year's hard savings, had disappeared.

All the loose change we had between us was just enough to get home, and so the holiday I never want again started, and ended, all within twenty-four hours.—*J. W. S., Leicester.*

"Amateur Gentleman"

When I was a young man I was fortunate enough to receive a small legacy, and instead of investing it, I decided to gratify my youthful ambitions and take a really expensive holiday.

I went to a fashionable resort on the south coast of France, and stayed at a large and expensive hotel. Never in my life have I passed such an uncomfortable time. The servants saw me for what I really was—an "amateur gentleman"—and they conveyed their opinions in the way all servants can.

The other guests, except one, completely ignored me, and I was perpetually worried lest I should commit some social *faux pas.*

Lastly, the one guest who was sociable to me turned out to be a confidence trickster, and *he* disappeared before I realised I'd been swindled.—*K. J., Newcastle.*

Dreary Refuge

The last holiday my wife and I had was spoilt by a fire-eating ex-colonel, who dominated the seaside boarding-house.

At every meal he "entertained" the company with vivid accounts of the next war, which he was certain would begin shortly.

After horrifying everybody with a detailed account of the effects of poison gas, he urged us all to get masks, as soon women and children would lie rotting in the streets.

He contemptuously wondered why those of us young enough to join the Army had not done so. Opposition only made him worse, and, as the weather was wet, a great deal of our holiday was spent in the dreary refuge of our bedroom.—*F. B., Kingswinford.*

Pelted

Thirty years ago I was aboard a cruiser off Bilbao, a large town in Northern Spain. By way of a holiday, the crew was invited ashore to attend a bull-fight.

Bored and rather disgusted at the performance, a shipmate and I left the ring before the finish, and were insulted by some Spanish "bravos"—because we had not appreciated their national sport.

A fight ensued, and we were eventually shut in an iron cage and pelted with rotten tomatoes. Later, we were released and sent back to the ship, where we were punished for "irregular conduct ashore"!—*Sheppard, Woolwich.*

Sad Reminder

An old boot trailed along behind our car . . . placed there by well-wishing friends "for luck." Confetti, liberally scattered over the floor of the car, disclosed our secret to the smiling manager of the seaside hotel, as he came out to greet us.

How happy I was then! Suddenly my husband's face went deathly white. The holiday I never want again came to a sudden end when a tall man approached and took my husband to the local police station.

Later he got five years' imprisonment for robbery with violence, and I have still got that old boot as a reminder of what might have been.—*B. C., Handsworth.*

Climbing Tragedy

Several years ago I spent a holiday in the Lake District. The joy of the first week was indescribable.

Then one day we decided to go climbing. Three of us set off, determined to have a really thrilling and happy day. It was so exciting . . . as up and up we went. We were very near the top now; but surely something was wrong—the rope felt very slack. I only know that I screamed as we fell. . . .

I lost the two men I loved most—my father and my brother—on that holiday. To go near that place again would be torture, but I cannot, even if I wish, for I am a cripple.—*K. E. S., Rotherhithe.*

Not a Rest Cure

After a spell of arduous work, a friend advised me to go to a lonely farmhouse for a holiday, there to lose myself, as he said, in "the peace of Nature."

At the first blink of dawn the cocks began their raucous crowing; later came the clatter of milk-churns and the ring of many hob-nailed boots. Mowing machines added to the afternoon's orchestration, then once more the crashing and clanging of milking-time.

Wearily I returned to bed, but not to sleep, for it was now the turn of the corncrakes, making merry all through the night. Never again will I go into the country for a holiday.—*Rest Cure, Glasgow.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

THE EBOR

THERE will be a good old-fashioned Yorkshire roar if a Northern horse lands the Ebor Handicap next week.

The late Dobson Peacock won the prize on numerous occasions, and his son, Matt, has candidates in the coming event; but I doubt that he will be able to hold the challengers from Newmarket.

The Aga Khan's Sind—unlucky in the Grand Prix de Paris—must have a great chance; and Mansur—third in the French Derby of 1935 and now with Major Beatty—is another to catch the eye. Mansur has been doing long-distance work lately.

There is an acceptance for the Ebor while JOHN BULL is on the press. If the two horses mentioned are left in, I shall code one or the other, probably Sind.

West Highland and Water Marten may land the Tote double at Hurst Park this week-end. Granted both run, Rhodes Scholar should beat Mahmoud in the Hyperion Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, August 20, to Wednesday, August 26:

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 25.

My Biggest Wireless Thrill

They argue about everything -

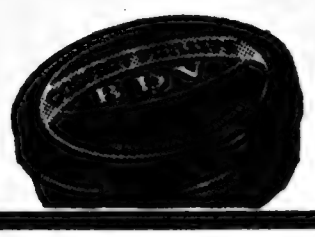
except B.D.V. tobacco

Agreed—that the richest man in the world can't buy *more* smoking pleasure than you get out of your B.D.V. Wealth, fame, power—what do they count? You've got contentment—pipefuls of it. You're one of the peaceful, satisfied kind. You're a B.D.V. man.

B.D.V. BROWN LABEL

B.D.V. Red Label Original 11½d. an oz.

10½D. AN OZ. in the new airtight tins



His BREAKDOWN

WAS DUE TO FAILING

Motor Nerves

THEY NEEDED FEEDING AND STRENGTHENING WITH THE FAMOUS DR. CASSELLS FORMULA.

Are **YOU** like Mr. Martin, thoroughly Run-Down, Utterly Weary . . . unable to concentrate on your job? Then read **AT ONCE** the case I publish to-day! Do not wait until disaster stares *you* in the face. Begin **NOW** to take Dr. Cassells Tablets and so make yourself a New Person.

Dr. Cassells Tablets are known all over the World. They are the **COMPLETE** Treatment . . . Strengthening, Feeding and Nourishing the Nerves and restoring Nerve Power in a wonderful way.

Your NERVES Are Your LIFE

When Nerves are weak then **EVERY** bodily function suffers! And you will continue to suffer until you Strengthen and *Feed* your Nerves. If, therefore, you suffer from:

HEADACHES
BACKACHE
IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA
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DEPRESSION
PALPITATION
HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS
SLEEPLESSNESS
DEBILITY
ANÆMIA

you need Dr. Cassells Tablets most urgently. **DO NOT DELAY!** It is **NOW** you must act... **NERVE BREAKDOWN** comes often with devastating swiftness. **STOP IT NOW** while there is time.

From All Chemists
6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

CASE NO. 3597
'Another refusal.... and I feel too ill to push this line'
'No thanks nothing To-day!'
'I can't go on. My head swims.... all my muscles are aching... my bag feels like a ton weight and my legs are giving way under me. I must get advice'
'Your Nerve Health is exhausted, Mr Martin Your 'motor' nerves are only sending weak impulses to your muscles. Your body is like a machine running on insufficient power.'
I'll give you some Special Tablets TAKE THEM 3 TIMES DAILY
'Yes, I'll take 10 gross of that new liner. Whatever have you been doing to yourself?- Take enough push and go for 10 men!'
'Yes, Dr. Cassells Tablets have restored my Health completely'

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

FINAL HUGE X-WORD HOLIDAY OFFER . . . PRIZE-MONEY INCREASED AGAIN!

HUGE 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE . . .

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE plus £500 OR LUMP SUM OF £750

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE £2

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WEEK-END FOR TWO

INCREASED ADDITIONAL HOLIDAY BONUS OF £150

PRESENTED on this page is the thirty-first of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This Judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, September 10, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£150 BONUS COUPON

(CAN ONLY BE ENCLOSED WITH ENTRY FOR "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 31)

(Entitling sender to share of £150 Holiday Bonus with any cash prize won this week)

Please register me for a six weeks' supply of "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin *or extend my existing reservation for a further six weeks. I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage.

(*Strike out which does not apply)

If already registered insert "X" here

NAME.....

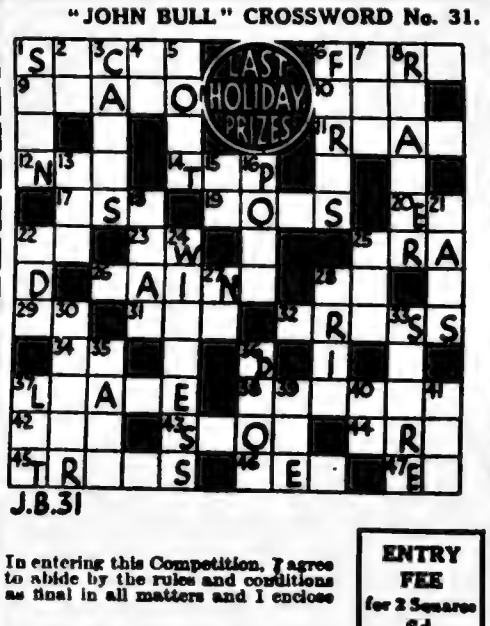
ADDRESS .....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE.

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 31. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1936.



J.B.31

J.B.31

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

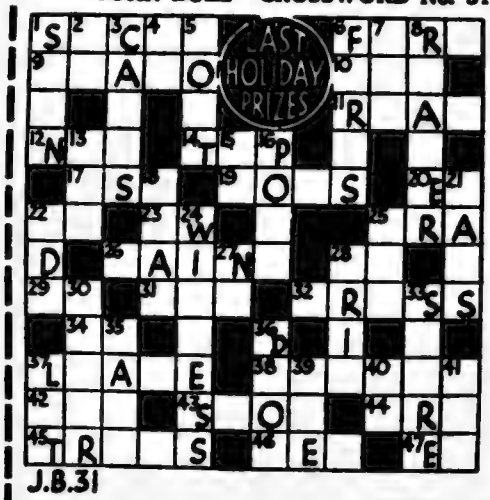
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 31. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1936.



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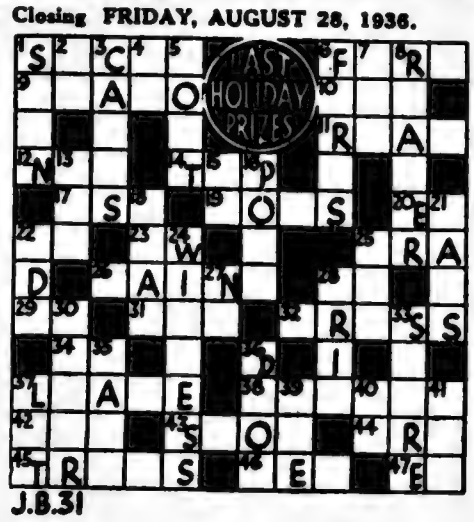


J.B.31

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

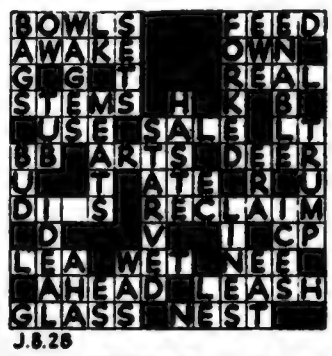
P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....



J.B.28

X-WORD No. 28.

RESULT ON PAGE 37.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who gave DIGS or DIPS were regarded as having submitted apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 28 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up the £150 Bonus Coupon on this page.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Coal is delivered to your door in these
6. It's sheer luck if punter picks first three with aid of this
9. Popular musical instrument
10. Scare always ends thus
11. You can do this without gathering anything
12. In need, and starts needlework
14. Child's toy that spins
17. Donkey
19. It's hard to control these at some theatre shows
20. Landed without land
23. Middle of word
25. Both ends of pillow
26. Period of time
26. Actress's often deceives audience
28. Common to scarcity and plenty
29. Direct current, in short
31. Where pig's at home
32. Nation usually has a distinctive one
34. Bit of salt in filter
37. Staying on after it expires is unwise
38. Do over again
42. Consume in treats
43. Fast traffic may be handicapped by this
44. Cut ends off wires
45. May bear indication of destination
46. Housewife's work is often delayed when this is missing
47. Beginning of end

CLUES DOWN

1. It's surprising how a spider can do this
2. In pain and despair
3. Even the best of these may become stale after a while
4. How knowledge begins
5. Survival of your seedlings often depends on this which you use
6. Season makes big difference to these
7. Metal in stores
8. It's commonly easy to see where he left off
13. Organ of hearing
15. Last part of job
16. Reaching maturity may improve
18. Health resorts
21. Are good at picking things up
22. This is peculiar
24. If pedestrian is this, motorist is apt to suffer
25. You put thread through this of needle
27. Head and tail of Neddy
28. Stumble
30. Transparent
33. Farmer can get one he needs from agricultural engineers
35. Good-bye, to a child
36. Let fall
37. Allow
39. Lamb's mother
40. Cut ends off veil
41. Count this when you're angry

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, August 28.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, September 15, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

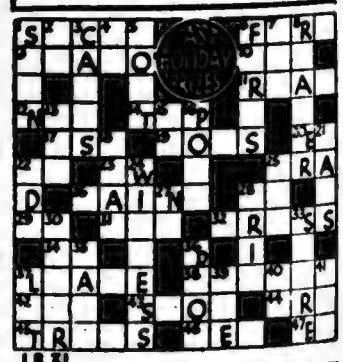
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

J.B.31

J.B.31

COLOSSAL OFFER NEXT WEEK!



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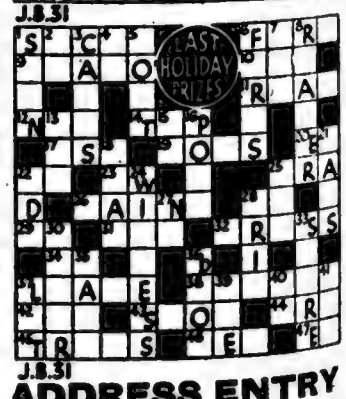


J.B.31

ADDRESS ENTRY

CROSSWORD NO. 31, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

AUTHOR (Brighton).—"I like to get into a swing with my work." But wouldn't a desk be better?

ELECTRICIAN (Northolt).—"We had a most heated argument on voltages." Ah! high tension.

P. L. H. (Grimsby).—"Not many cricketers get a chance of touring with a Test team." Only a chosen few.

PAINTER (Chelsea).—"I was down to my last penny so I took my accessories to a pawnbroker." So pop went the easel.

B. B. (Boston).—"What is a sub in a newspaper office?" Something the cashier simply will not discuss.

S. T. (Gosport).—"Where there is a will——" There is trouble in the family.

R. M. L. (Devonport).—"I can never reason out why I joined the Navy." You were all at sea.

H. C. (Dunstable).—"Do you know a cure for insomnia?" Yes, go to bed and sleep it off.

R. M. (Dundee).—"What could be worse for a man than to spend every penny he has?" Spending every penny he hasn't.

TRAINER (Walney).—"A sprinter of fifty years ago would not stand a chance against a modern athlete." That is hardly to be expected.

TEMPTED (Shoreditch).—"With so many small packages lying around, I had every opportunity to become a thief." But you didn't take them.

HARRY (Durham).—"My fiancee says the man to marry her must be a hero" Surely she can't be as bad-looking as all that.

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"No man likes to think that there are a lot of people on his track." Unless a greyhound racecourse manager.

HAIRDRESSER (Coventry).—"I intend to snatch a day off to visit Cowes." So that you can watch the clippers go through the waves?

APPETITE (Swindon).—"Many of the dishes that delighted our forefathers have long since been forgotten." Swallowed in the past, as it were.

NANCY (Leyton).—"I first met my fiancé when I attended a cricket match in which he was playing." He made a hit and you caught him?

S. B. A. (Swanscombe).—"The street musician I gave sixpence to, to get him to move on, was an unemployed footballer." You found his transfer fee, so to speak.

D. F. (Lowestoft).—"My dad is a good old stick. I'm going to pay him back the ten pounds at the rate of a shilling a week." Evidently you're on the best of terms.

FATHER (Sudbury).—"In a recent scholarship paper quite a tricky question was set about the length of string required to go round a parcel." Were many of the candidates tied up by it?

T. C. H. (Launceston).—"The cat, while endeavouring to catch the bird, broke off seven of my best geraniums." And how many did you break off trying to catch the cat?

A. R. C. (Bromsgrove).—"The boys weren't very keen to fire their pottery in the new kiln." They probably preferred to do it in the modelling room, and at one another.

STUDENT (Leeds).—"When I recovered my text-book and found his writing in it, I took it to his digs, and convinced him he was the culprit." You brought it right home to him.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Rustic (Dorchester).—"You can't beat the old horse caravan." We know.

"For some weeks, sir, I've 'ad my suspicions about the potting shed leaning over, and this morning I borrowed a plumb-line."

(From "The Passing Show.")

JIMMY (Eastbourne).—"The holiday girl is like a magnet." And youths, drawn by her attraction, soon pick up with her.

OLD-TIMER (Mitcham).—"I once played cricket in a top hat." It's bowlers we want now.

COMPETITOR (St. Albans).—"The average tennis umpire is very officious." Always trying to find faults.

WELTER (Newcastle).—"As a prominent boxer, do you know what I should want to cross the Atlantic?" Yes—a liner.

MRS. B. (Redcar).—"I took my last pot of home-made jam from the shelf but found, to my disgust, that it had turned bad." So you had a nasty jar.

BETTY S. (Weybridge).—"What do you think was the result of my telling my sister how nice she looked in my dance dress?" She wanted to borrow it again.

ENQUIRER (Southborough).—"Why do speakers make such a fetish of the acoustics of a building?" Echo answers why!

T. G. (Birmingham).—"Just when my flower bed was looking its best, my dog ruined it in pursuit of a cat." We bet he caught it.

CONFECTIONER (Leeds).—"What would you say were the most unpopular drops with the holiday-making public?" Raindrops.

S. L. (Stanhope).—"I enclose a photograph. I am the one sitting on my brother's knee." Oh, is that you? We thought he was a ventriloquist.

POET (Chelsea).—"I detest blotting-paper, and always dry my manuscripts by the fire." You don't hold them near enough.

D. F. (Teignmouth).—"Being in bad condition I went for a short tramp, but afterwards I wished I hadn't." The short tramp was in good condition?

A. B. C. (Lostwithiel).—"He was guilty of the utmost tactlessness in mentioning the wage cut." A wound that should not have been reopened, eh?

R. W. (Weymouth).—"My uncle, who is a magistrate, was shocked at the language used by a parrot my brother brought home." Perhaps the parrot objected to the presence of a rival "beak."

LANDLORD (Stevenage).—"Although the tenants were responsible for inside decorations, the house was in a filthy state when they went away leaving no address." That was a dirty trick.

W. M. (Newcastle).—"The man that rises early is sure to go ahead." And the man that stays out late gets one.

T. R. B. (Salop).—"I just saw the tail of the rat which the cat caught in my flower bed." You saw the end of it.

ATHLETE (Crewe).—"He puts on a lot of side simply because he is a good high-jumper." A bit of a bounder?

FARMER (Lincs).—"A lot of my cattle became intoxicated after drinking from a tub of cider." Rolling stock?

K. L. (Perran).—"I am going to organise a surf-riding contest for blonde bathing beauties." All fair and above board?

W. D. (Dover).—"When choosing a wife a man should look into her eyes and discover her temperament." Or into her bank-book and discover her balance.

CAMPER (Ryde).—"I suddenly awoke in the middle of the night with a feeling that I was being suffocated. What do you think had come over me?" The tent.

PA (Hassocks).—"The husband who earns the money should be the one to spend it or know the reason why." Most of them know the reason why.

D. G. (Durham).—"I am trying to get a job as a steeplejack." That is certainly one of the trades where there is plenty of room at the top.

S. D. (Fareham).—"My daughter is engaged to a street performer who lets the public tie him up with ropes." He won't be able to wriggle out of that.

R. E. (Newbury).—"A man who can play bridge and won't is most unsociable." But we prefer him to a man who can't play and will.

M. G. (Weymouth).—"When will you be offering television sets?" Wait and see—meanwhile, tune in to that offer of 50 fine radios on page 39.

W. A. (Hastings).—"Most seaside entertainers are really nice people." Even nigger minstrels are not so black as they are painted.

S. T. A. (Dorchester).—"What would you do with a son of seventeen who refused to cut the privet hedge for you?" Clip his ear for him.

ATHLETE (Tottenham).—"I went to Scotland by the night express to be in time for my event at the sports meeting." You raced up North.

C. T. (Warwick).—"The doctor told me outright that he could do nothing to rid me of the rheumatism which has doubled me up." He told you straight, then.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

NOTE THIS DATE!

IN "John Bull," out next Thursday, August 27th, there will appear the announcement of "John Bull's" thrilling FREE Presentation for every reader—something entirely NEW—more than that ; ! . IT'S—— But we must not let out the secret! Watch "John Bull," NEXT THURSDAY. In the meantime, turn to page 5 of this issue and see the special concession extended to every reader.

The Secret out next Thursday

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

MACCLESFIELD TIMES:—". . . the offside front mudguard and the near OFFSIDE one was bent . . ."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—". . . until its crew proceeded to haul in the nets belonging to two BATS which were working close to each other."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"In this country a change will come about, but through the BALLET BOX."

IRISH NEWS:—"Queen's Pipe showed her liking for a downhill CURSE when she made all the running . . ."

HERALD AND EXPRESS, TORQUAY:—"Besides the tobacco and STREETS, the thieves took a small sum of money . . ."

THE WESTMORLAND GAZETTE:—". . . immediately surrounded with a ring of varied craft such as probably no other INLAID sheet of water in the world can produce . . ."

UNDERARM HAIR dissolved away

THE LATEST BEAUTY TRICK

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. *Never* have you known anything so easy.

'New Veet,' it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a beauty cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned, nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full. 6d. and 1/3d. at all chemists and stores.

RESULT OF "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 28.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 28, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 36) were those submitted by 60 competitors, who share the £750 offered as First Prize and will, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, receive £12 10s. for each winning square.

Owing to pressure on space, we are unable to print names and addresses here, but all sharing the Prize have been notified by post. Full list of names and addresses can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, or secured on application by forwarding with request a halfpenny stamped addressed envelope.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize and who has not received the notification mentioned above, must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 25, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

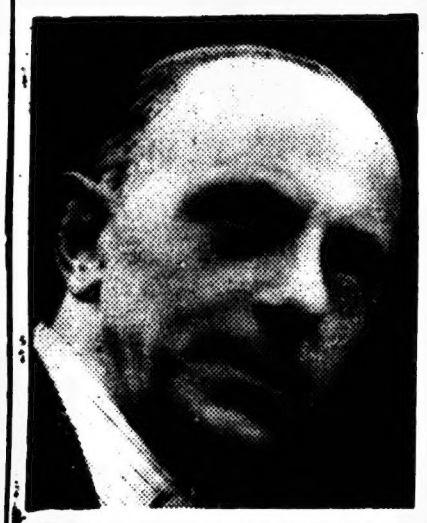
No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 603 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 5s. A list of these Runners-up also can be seen at the "John Bull," offices and all have been notified. A Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to every Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A Surprise Award for each of 2,922 entrants from whom we rebeived a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted this week.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S MONSTER OFFER OF £8 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £1,000!

AMAZING CATARRH DISCOVERY

Banishes Catarrh, Head Noises, and Catarrhal Deafness for Ever



Mr. John Houben, who will gladly send Free Instant Relief and offer of Guaranteed Freedom from Catarrh to all sufferers who post the form below or call upon him at 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF FOR READERS WHO POST FORM BELOW

Guaranteed Freedom from Coughing, Chcking, Sneezing, Hay Fever, Constant Colds, and all other Catarrhal Symptoms.

EIGHT years ago a London Doctor was so impressed with the unfortunate case of the chronic Catarrh sufferer that he devoted most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this annoying, weakening, and often dangerous complaint.

He experimented with all the usual inhalants, douches and medicines, and introduced his own improvements, to the great relief of his patients.

It was not, however, until he had distilled an entirely new germicide—one that was perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, though absolutely deadly to the catarrh germ—that he knew that he was on the right track.

Even that was not enough. Catarrh is such an obstinate disorder, spreading to every part of the system, that he had to perfect a complete, four-fold method before the trouble was definitely conquered.

Complete Riddance from Catarrh

The results were astonishing. No matter where the germs lodged—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the four-fold attack cleared them right out of the system. Not a single "centre of infection" remained from which they could spread back again to the nose and throat.

Now he has placed his discovery at the service of Catarrh victims all over the world. Being unable, for reasons of Medical Etiquette, to call public attention to his discovery, he has handed his formulæ, with the results of his long and intensive experience of catarrh, to Mr. John Houben, with instructions to use them to bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of sufferers.

Mr. Houben knows that Catarrh sufferers have reason to be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for their trouble, so he has decided upon a means of convincing every interested person that this four-fold discovery is something unique and really effective.

Remarkable Free Offer

He will send to every Reader of this journal who applies on the Form at foot :—

1. A free Sample of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give Instant Relief, even in the worst cases. He will also send :—
2. Full particulars of his offer to treat everybody under a legally binding guarantee to *remedy their condition completely*. Either they are fully satisfied, or it does not cost them one penny (apart from postage).

From past experience in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Mr. Houben knows that you will be not only satisfied, but astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh will clear away.

The Joy of Easy Breathing

You will soon experience the Joy of Easy Breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. You will cease catching colds. That horrible drip of mucus into the throat will cease. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Head noises will cease. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, whether merely a "stuffy nose" or a sore spot at back of throat, or whether you have been a sufferer for many years, there is no reason whatever why you should not now take advantage of this offer and see for yourself, without financial risk, what this medical discovery will do for you. Send the form now. That is the first step to glorious new health and permanent freedom from an annoying complaint, which steadily gets worse if neglected, and which leads to dangerous and even deadly consequences.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF COUPON

For Catarrh Sufferers

To Mr. JOHN HOUBEN (Director), Messrs. Hamlyn & Houben Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for My Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

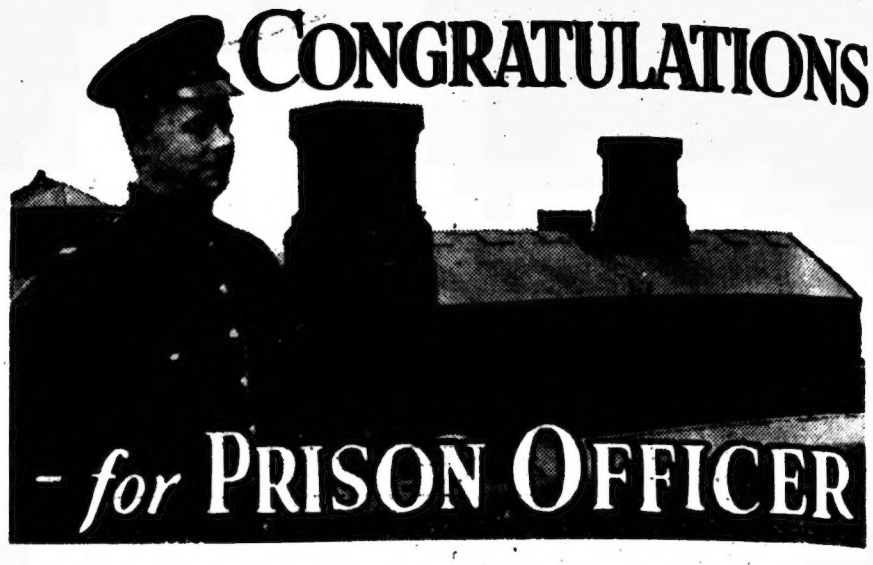
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

(Please Print Clearly in block capitals.)
I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

John Bull 22/8/36.



SOLDIERS, sailors and airmen have already soared to the heights of huge *Bullets* prizes. But it was not until the other day, writes the *Bullets* representative, that I had the pleasure of congratulating a prison officer on heading the winning list.

In his neat little house at No. 69, North Way, Lewes, I found Mr. V. Wheaton, just back from duty at Lewes Prison. And a keener, more enthusiastic "Bulleteer" I have yet to meet.

Soon, out in his sunny little garden, tucked under a ridge on the lovely Sussex downs, we were discussing *Bullets*, life in general, and his First Prize in our 1,037th Competition in particular.

A keen student of human nature, of which he encounters all kinds in his prison work, Mr. Wheaton has for years been turning his viewpoints into the neat little pieces of potted philosophy that we call *Bullets*.

But there was something of his own plodder's career as a *Bullets* entrant that must have inspired Mr. Wheaton to produce the telling *Bullet* which has won him £500 and a *Queen Mary* award, WHAT THE SPORTSMAN SAID—"THEIRS TO-DAY—THERE'S TO-MORROW!"

"It was whilst serving in the Royal Marines aboard ship in 1917 that I fired in my first *Bullet*," this 39-year-old winner told me. "Since then I entered on and off, and, at the beginning of 1936, made up my mind that I must stick to the job properly to gain a big success.

"I was feeling a bit discouraged when I tackled the *Examples* for that Contest," he admitted. "I've won lots of 'Targets,' but did not seem to be getting any further.

"Then," he went on, "I read in *Bullets Bulletin* that it was really only a short distance from 'Target' to First Prize, and, in my winning effort, tried to express what ought to be the attitude of the *Bullets* sportsman. All along I have had two assistants—*Bullets Bulletin* and my wife: without her constant encouragement I would never have won this splendid prize."

* * *

"My biggest holiday thrill" is how Mrs. E. L. Calvert, Snaith, Yorks, described receiving the news of her £50 success in this Contest. It was whilst on holiday at Wainfleet that this keen competitor heard of her Second Prize triumph.

Moreover, she told JOHN BULL, it was thinking of holiday travel that led to her timely and ingenious effort, BIG FAMILY—ROAD USERS—BE "FAMILY"!

"I had been thinking of happy families 'going off somewhere' and perhaps meeting with disaster through the selfishness of others on the roads," Mrs. Calvert said. "That *Example* naturally held my attention and the rest was easy.

"I have been a competitor for years," she continued, "and have always looked on *Bullets* as great fun. Hitherto I have only won minor awards, but I have always thought that something better would come along."

* * *

A simple idea, neatly expressed in *Bullets* form, brought each of these big winners a fine reward. Link some thought of yours with one of those interesting *Examples* opposite and this week's magnificent £500-plus-Radio First may well be yours.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,038.

First Prize, £500 and Holiday Tour for Two.

J. C. BURLEY, 214, Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Example: WAR AFTER WAR
Bullet: WILL "GUNS EVER STOP"?
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£50 AND HOLIDAY TOUR:

Mrs. L. MANDER, 4, Hayden Place, Guildford.
Example: Breaking Through
Bullet: Sun, At Summer's "Sunset."

£40 AND HOLIDAY TOUR:

C. GREENWOOD, 37, Wellfield Road, Preston, Lancs.
Example: When She Argues
Bullet: "Stream" Springing From "*Molehill*."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£30 AND HOLIDAY TOUR:

A. KELSALL, 77, Alder Hey Road, St. Helens, Lancs.
Example: Whitehall
Bullet: That's Britannia's "Muddled Workbasket."

£20 AND HOLIDAY TOUR:

D. MOORE, Jubilee Cottage, Aughton, Lancs.
Example: Soft Spot
Bullet: *Safely* "Built On," Mother's.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£18: E. WILLIAMS 14, Culverden Down, Tunbridge Wells.
When She Argues—Her Arguments *Follow Me!*

£16: D. M. PURGAVIE, 54, Kinnell Avenue, Cardonald, Glasgow.
Army Man—May He Remain "Policeman"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£14: R. S. SPOONER, 112, Eastcote Road, Ruislip, Middx.
This Crazy World—"Wiping Slate" With Blood.

£12: W. RYDER, 409, Walton Breck Road, Anfield, Liverpool.
No Love—That's "Overflowing." Is Wasted.

£10: J. LE PIEZ, St. Heliers, Rownhams Lane, North Baddesley, Southampton.
Storm Over Europe—Blowing "Lid Off Cauldron."

£9: G. J. PLEACE, B Flat, 5, Bear Lane, Blackfriars, S.E.
On Fame's Pinnacle—Chilly When "Sun Setting."

£8: R. V. BUCKLEY, 147, Ledbury Road, Paddington, W.
Father's Windfall — Putting Mother's "Apples" *Back*.

£7: Mrs. WILLIAMS, 2, Railway Terrace, Skewen, Glam.
Forgetting The Time—"Gas-bags" Mcored To Broom-sticks.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: G. R. COLLINS, Rivelin House, Louth Road, Grimsby.
Soft Spot—Boarder's Allowance Of Butter!
(Entered on 'Target" Prize coupon.)

£5: R. W. RATLEDGE, Burnbrae, Victoria Road, Gourock Renfrewshire.
No Love—Potion, Newlywed's First Stew!

£4: Mrs. J. B. TAYLOR, New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.
Unshaken—Sphinx, Despite Auntie's Lorgnette!

£3: H. F. HARVEY, 49, Kingston Road, Longfleet, Poole, Dorset.
With A Sickly Grin—And Nine Cigarettes, Sonny.

6 of £2 10s. each

G. W. EARNSHAW, 18, Vine Terrace West, Fairweather Green, Bradford.
Fooling Us—Hopes, But Pessimism's Folly.

J. JACKSON 38 Dock Street East, Sunderland.
Army Man—Sonny—Until Visiting Navy!

E. JONES, Berwyn Street, Parkgate, near Corwen, N. Wales.
Feeling The Wrench—Until Emigrant Became Seasick!

Mrs. M. MUNRO, 127, Dundyvan Road, Coatbridge.
When She Argues—Eyes "Aflame"—Logic "Extinguished."

A. E. RICHARDSON, 12, Carlton Avenue, Broadstairs.
Wanted On The Voyage—Along Pier, Copper "Cargo."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. RYNN, 230, Darlington Street East, Wigan.
Comfortable Seat—Fight *Railways* For, Excursionists!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 12 £2, 15 £1 10s., and 509 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

JOHN BULL OPENS his GREAT RADIO SHOW at 1936
Choose your £50 model
"BULLETS" 1ST. PRIZE....
£500
PLUS ANY RADIOGRAM OR RADIO YOU SELECT UP TO A RETAIL VALUE OF £50
£50 £25 £20 £15
£10 PLUS RADIO
£9 PLUS RADIO
£8 PLUS RADIO
£7
£6
£5
£4 PLUS RADIO
£3 PLUS RADIO
12 of £2.10s.
25 of £1.10s. EACH PLUS RADIO
YOUR WONDER RADIO
The instrument accompanying each Prize from £50 down to £9 will be a luxurious "Philips" 4-valve Superinductive Receiver for A.C. or D.C. Current. Battery Receiver can be supplied to winners without Electric Mains.
VALUE £9 19 6
500 of 2s. 6d. — 3,000 "Double-Star Targets" — 5,000 "Star Targets."
50 SPLENDID CASH plus RADIO PRIZES headed by GREAT NEW 2-in-1 FIRST

ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,300!

"MORE Radio prizes, please!" is the constant demand of *Bullets* competitors—and 50 splendid Cash-plus-Radio awards is JOHN BULL's practical answer to their call this week, coinciding with the opening in London of the great Radio Exhibition of 1936.

Think of the satisfaction of receiving for a few well-chosen words a cheque for any of various sums from £2 10s. to £50 and soon afterwards of installing in your home a fine "Philips" Radio Set.

Splendid as are these Cash-plus-Radio prizes, an even greater thrill may be yours! Friday, September 11, may bring you a golden Joy Wire, declaring you this Contest's First Prize-winner—in addition to receiving a £500 fortune, you will then be privileged to choose any current model of Radio or Radiogram up to £50 in value.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, examine the list of *Examples* carefully and jot down all the rough ideas which are suggested to your mind by any of them.

Your next step is to compress and improve each of these rough notes into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, which express your meaning clearly and form an apt comment on that particular *Example*.

For instance, suppose you selected the *Example*, OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES. Your first comment might well be *Of Mercy! When Young Villain Cried*. And this you could readily improve to the completed *Bullet*, OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES—OF MERCY, REPENTANT TEAR.

Before you start on your efforts, however, you will be wise to study carefully the good points of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,038th Contest, which appear on the opposite page.

Notice how each of these successful efforts fits its *Example* closely and presents its meaning clearly in original phrasing.

Having learnt all you can from them, settle down for a quiet half-hour with the *Examples* and put your best into the *Bullets* you post to reach the judges by Saturday, August 29.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN SUNNY SPAIN
OUR SUNDAY PROGRAMME
MAKES ME BOIL
BIG GUNS
FOR BRITANNIA'S SAKE
OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES
THROUGH THE MIST
GRIM AND FORBIDDING
HYPOCRISY
TELLS A TALE
GRANDPA'S AS, BUT
MAN ON THE BENCH
OVER THE OCEAN
DREGS OF HUMANITY
BEWITCHED
KEPT BACK
GOOD-BYE, GRUNDY
FOREIGN GOODS
SAID THE COLONEL
DISTURBING
IN THE WRONG HOUSE
DAD HIT THE BALL AND
NOW SHE'S GONE
DEFIANTLY
PRIM AND PROPER
OUT OF BUSINESS
MADE TO LAST
AT OUR ANNUAL DINNER
UNPROTECTED
TO KEEP FIT
HEALTH IS WEALTH, SO
THE GUIDE
CHANGED HER
NOW WE'VE A MAID
BENEATH THE SURFACE
LAYING THE FOUNDATION

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of postage must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS **USE THIS COUPON**

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,042) Closing SAT., Aug. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,042) Closing SAT., Aug. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,042) Closing SAT., Aug. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,042) Closing SAT., Aug. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,042) Closing SAT., Aug. 29. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,037 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Wyer, 183, High Street, Lewes.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,042 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,042, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How does she keep so Youthful and Charming

SHE'S lovely to look at with her slender figure, her radiant health and clear complexion—and so happy for she's found the secret of keeping youthful and charming—Bile Beans nightly.

Besides melting away surplus fat, Bile Beans tone up the system and purify the blood, thus giving you that lovely skin admired by all. As they are purely vegetable, Bile Beans can be taken regularly with perfect safety.

So if you want to have a slim figure and keep slim, youthful and attractive start taking Bile Beans to-night.

"Over a period of years I sought advice for keeping my weight down. I was a professional dancer but when I gave up the stage had a tendency to put on weight. I have since found that Bile Beans taken nightly not only keep my figure normal, but also ensure better health."—Mrs. D. E., Canterbury.

* * *

"Bile Beans are the finest weight-reducing medicine I know. I used to be very much overweight, but after taking Bile Beans for three months they rid me of twenty-four pounds of surplus fat. I am one of London's leading chefs and now do my work with more vitality and without tiredness coming over me."—Mr. M. C., London.

* * *

"I was putting on weight round the bust and hips, but I soon brought my weight back to normal by taking Bile Beans. Because of my slim figure I am now able to wear dresses to much better advantage. The nightly Bile Beans do me a world of good."—Mrs. E. H., Warrington.

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222 B 33

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A 194